The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1922 No. 2975

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 29
EDITORIALS:
Senator McCormick Sees It Through 32
Crime and Its Causes 33
Buttinsky and the Bandits 34
WALTHER RATHENAU. By Oswald Garrison Villard 35
THESE UNITED STATES—VII. SOUTH CAROLINA: A LINGERING FRAGRANCE. By Ludwig Lewisohn 36
"MOUNTAINEERS SHALL ALWAYS BE FREE." By Freda Kirchwey 38
THE FATE OF TRIESTE: *REDENTA*. By Carleton Beals 40
SHELLEY FOR VACATION. By G. R. Elliott 41
THE GOOD BIRDS. By Elinor Wylie 42
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 43
CORRESPONDENCE 43
ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE COLLEGES 45
THE ROVING CRITIC:
Observations. By Carl Van Doren 47
BOOKS:
Philology at Its Best. By Jacob Zeitlin 47
Epic and Idyl of the Simple Life. By J. W. Krutch 48
An Australian Critic. By Preserved Smith 49
War Transmutation. By Muriel Harris 49
DRAMA:
Speaking of the Theater. By Ludwig Lewisohn 50
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Land for the People 51
Mexican Rights in the United States 51
A Protest 53
American Rights in Palestine 53
England, Egypt, and the Sudan 54

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT FREDA KIRCHWEY
ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN
NORMAN THOMAS

ERNEST H. GRUENING, MANAGING EDITOR
CARL VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON ANATOLE FRANCE H. L. MENCKEN
FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

THE coal strike may be ended by the intervention of President Harding or it may conceivably drag on for more weary months, but if it is ended it must be ended right. The people of this country must realize that the issue at stake is not the 1917 versus the 1919 wage, nor the check-off, nor any of the other points involved in the controversy. The real issue—and every honest coal operator in the country will admit it—is the whole system of collective agreements in the mines. Shall the United Mine Workers be allowed to exist? Shall the operators make agreements with the union? Shall union members be allowed to organize their fellow-workers? To every one of these questions all non-union mine operators—and some operators of fields heretofore unionized—will answer "Not if we know it!" and back up their answer by the tactics of Logan County, West Virginia. Those union mine operators who are not ready to crush the national organization all at once seek a similar result by insisting on district agreements for what is essentially a national industry. Only a nation-wide treatment of the coal problem can protect either workers or consumers. If the union is actually crushed the coal fields will fall into anarchy and the men will be left helpless before a despotism which in the past has dominated every department of their lives, a despotism which is neither benevolent nor wise. In the long run, of course, the workers will never submit to such a state of affairs. The union may be shoved underground but it cannot be rooted out. The men will organize, secretly if they must, and bide their time in bitterness until a new opportunity comes to strike for their freedom. President Harding will perform a great service if he brings about a settlement that insures the life of the union as well as the life, on a decent human scale, of the miners themselves.

MEANWHILE relief is desperately needed in all the coal fields. During the winter a little private relief was distributed in parts of West Virginia which had been blasted by months of unemployment. The Y. W. C. A. had agents there and in Ohio, and local religious institutions and hospitals attempted to bring relief to the most acute cases. At best it was inadequate, and on April 1, when the strike started, most of the relief ceased. As far as we know only the Y. W. C. A. has had the courage to stay in the field. Throughout the strike region the operators have done their best to prevent the distribution of food to hungry miners. "There is no necessary destitution," they say. "Let the men come back to work." Almost single-handed Miss Elisabeth Gilman has raised money and dispatched it into the New River field in West Virginia, where conditions are particularly acute, and her action has stirred the opposition and wrath of every coal operator in the district. The United Mine Workers of District Number 2 in Pennsylvania report desperate need of relief in Somerset County. The organization that undertakes to relieve these conditions must possess courage and wisdom as well as humanity, and the recent announcement that the Friends Service Committee with headquarters at 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, is preparing to begin this work on a large scale only increases our admiration for a group of people who are unwilling to let warfare of any kind—industrial or international—deflect them from their fine purpose of helping all who need help, on both sides of the front. Those who may not agree with *The Nation's* feeling that it is a matter of the utmost social consequence that the union should live will surely agree with the Friends' statement: "No civil or industrial warfare should ever be allowed to progress to the point where the lives of little children are at stake."

MR. HOOPER, chairman of the Railway Labor Board, pleaded with the railway workers just before their big strike began to be "good sports" and accept the wage cuts allotted them. "Good sports" indeed when the stake is their hope of a decent life for themselves and their children! The Federal Council of Churches points out that while the estimate of the United States Department of Labor sets a minimum yearly budget of "health and decency" for a family of five at $2,036.22, maintenance-of-way employees are asked to accept wages of from $574 to $817.44 and shop-men from $1,607.42 to $1,753.44. If it be true, as the majority of the Labor Board says, that those wages compare favorably with wages in similar callings, so much the worse for the country. To force the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

railway workers' wages down will remove an incentive to a general wage increase up to a more decent standard of living. Neither is it convincing to compare the new wage scale with 1917 when railway wages were notoriously low. The workers are striking not against the Government or the public—though the public may be sorely inconvenienced—but against exploitation by companies run for private profit. If they resist the moral authority of the opinion of the majority of the Labor Board by the clumsy weapon of the strike, it is because they have no other recourse. Railway executives have blithely flouted the same authority and trusted to the courts to justify them. The grievance of the men is the fact that the Board is only powerful against them. It has, to be sure, persuaded some of the roads to abandon the system of letting out work at private contract, but as one executive remarked, now that wages have been reduced, the contract system is not so profitable as it was. The harassed public may not like the strike, but a little reflection upon the facts will keep sensible folk from denouncing the strikers as immoral or unpatriotic, and will prompt them to do some thinking about railway reorganization.

HONEST men irrespective of party will rejoice in the recent acts of this Administration with regard to alien property. Representative Winslow of Massachusetts with the approval of the President has introduced a bill which makes admirable provision for a settlement of the larger number of the claims of former enemy aliens for property taken over during the war by the Alien Property Custodian. The bill is welcome evidence of our good faith. Meanwhile President Harding's letter to Colonel Miller, the present Alien Property Custodian, demanding the return of all patents taken over from enemy aliens by the Chemical Foundation during Mr. Wilson's Administration, raises authoritatively the old question whether not only German citizens but the American public were not cheated by the way in which Mitchell Palmer and Francis P. Garvan administered their trust. The President writes: "It appears that the sale was made at so nearly nominal a sum that there is reason to believe that this Government has not faithfully observed the trust which was implied in the seizure of this property." The reasons for this grave charge we gave in our issue of August 3, 1921, in an article entitled Dyeing for One's Country. Mr. Palmer's stock answer to the indictment is to cry "pro-Germanism." It will take more than that to convince a court. If the President's charge is sustained we hope that civil proceedings will be followed by criminal. This we say not from any great faith in the reformatory power of our present penal system, but because it is quite useless to denounce "crime waves" and to preach a new regard for justice so long as big offenders break with impunity the meshes of the law in which little thieves are tangled.

WE hasten to congratulate North Dakota, Congress, and the country as a whole on Senator McCumber's defeat in the Republican primaries by Lynn J. Frazier, candidate of the Nonpartisan League, whom the opponents of that organization succeeded in recalling from the governorship last year. Assuming Mr. Frazier's election in November, North Dakota will be represented by two Nonpartisan League Senators after March 4, 1923. In Washington Senator McCumber's defeat is rightly viewed along with the results in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Iowa as a revolt against present tendencies in the Republican Party. Senator McCumber has been accused of being a radical at home and a reactionary in Congress. Coming from a town whose industrial establishments consist of a wagon factory, a creamery, and a blacksmith shop, and representing a non-manufacturing State, he has been a leading champion of a high tariff and a bulwark of standpatism and Old Guardism. His position is obviously untenable and his defeat was not accomplished as a straight fight between the Nonpartisan League and its opponents, fortunate as it will prove for the future of the farmers' organization. Proof of this is seen in the fact that Mr. Frazier ran far ahead of B. F. Baker, the Nonpartisan League's candidate for the nomination for Governor, who unfortunately was defeated.

NO one who loves peace or who admires the Irish people could read of civil war in Dublin without a sinking of heart. Yet a clash was almost inevitable. No government indorsed by a popular election could indefinitely ignore the existence of armed forces which defied its authority. Men like Liam Mellowes and Rory O'Connor earn a certain admiration for personal unselfishness, courage, and consistency. To them England is an enemy with whom Ireland can never make peace save on terms of absolute independence. They would fight Irishmen to save Ireland; destroy Ireland's peace to save her soul. The nature of Ireland's history makes the appeal of such an idealistic but unconstructive nationalism very great. Yet as we write it does not appear that the Irish people will rise to the aid of the extremists who would reverse with the sword what was done by the ballot. And that is good. Even if the treaty should prove less satisfactory than it seems to us, it has been accepted by the majority of those whose united struggle for self-government wrested it from their former masters. Self-government means the right to be mistaken. When a minority turns from argument to the sword, though it may be right, its appeal—like the appeal of any dictator—is the appeal not to right but to might.

FRANK VANDERLIP'S suggestion that Austria might meet her difficulties by borrowing from the United States a few high-grade statesmen "capable of vigorous financial control" follows closely upon the announcement of a $25,000,000 American loan to the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, pledging the revenues of the customs, the state monopolies, and all the state railroads to the service of the American loan. Either of these items alone is thought-provoking; taken together, they are doubly suggestive. American capital, not satisfied with conquering Latin America, invading Asia and even Liberia, is entering the field of loans to European governments. It is one thing to finance a foreign corporation, another to finance a government. The history of diplomacy before the war was a history of diplomatic and financial combinations in which allied banks and governments played now for territorial and now for money stakes. The grip of the banks became an instrument of diplomatic pressure, and diplomatic influence a tool to pry out bankers' profits. Is the United States, while refusing to enter Europe by the political front door, to slip in by the more important if less conspicuous economic back door? If all financiers were men of Mr. Vanderlip's stamp we should feel differently about these moves, but Wall Street has already proved that it considers Mr. Vanderlip too good for it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RATHENAU'S murder was no isolated phenomenon. Political murders, particularly of democratic leaders, have been common in republican Germany. We called attention some months ago to a remarkable compilation published by the Bund Neues Vaterland indicating that in the two years 1919-1920—which included the period of the Spartacist revolts and of the Bavarian soviet regime—there were 314 political murders committed by adherents of the Right parties, and 13 by members of the Left. Another comparative table showed that German courts had condemned the Bavarian sovietists to a total of 519 years' imprisonment while the conservative Kapp revolters had gone scot free. (Since that compilation one or two participants in the Kapp revolt have had light sentences.) It is an almost inevitable misfortune of the republican government that it has to avail itself of civil servants trained under the Kaiser. And the German universities are nests of reaction today; the new men coming from the German universities grow up in an atmosphere as bitterly reactionary but without the old tradition of Spartan honesty. Hence the sense of helplessness of the Left parties which leads them to measures of oppression. The republicans may be wise to form an extraordinary court composed in part of republican laymen, but measures "forbidding every monarchist or anti-republican agitation in word, picture, or writing, and forbidding and dissolving all monarchist or anti-republican organizations" savor of the old illusion that exercise of the police power can dictate the thoughts that move men's minds.

"LAST week the krone fell from 10,000 to 22,000 to the dollar," a friend writes from Vienna. "Rise in cost of living, middle of May to middle of June, 70 per cent. Bread (black, sour) costs more than in the States. Probably there will be starvation riots on a small scale, easily put down by the new Clerical Government. . . . As an old Socialist put it to me, 'Our comrades are tired, so tired.'" And Americans are tired, so tired, of tragic news from Vienna. "Collapse" is always just around the corner. Collapse, of course, never comes; there is no such thing as the collapse of a nation—only slow decay. Individuals collapse; but we lack the imagination to picture these collapses to ourselves; perhaps if we had that imagination we could not stand the burden of it. Meanwhile poor Austria clamors once more for annexation to Germany—and the great Powers that wrote the treaties of St. Germain and of Versailles still forbid Austria's only hope.

WASHINGTON press dispatches relate that two conditions have been laid down by General Crowder as essential to securing that indispensable passport to salvation—a Wall Street loan. The first condition is the installation of a scientific financial system; the second, "that immediate steps be taken to eliminate a host of governmental offices, which have been for years nothing more nor less than sinecures, quite unessential to the public service, and which, moreover, provided the avenues for wholesale graft for political hangers-on." Why is this remedy not applicable to the United States itself? Yet very recently the newspapers told us that the Walter F. Brown report for reorganization of our government service had been pigeonholed by the President. Mr. Brown, an expert in scientific and personnel management, had been at work over a year on a plan to eliminate the senseless multiplication of government bureaus and office-holders, the endless waste under the Federal administration at the expense of the taxpayers. But too many of "the boys" would have been out of their jobs. It is unfortunate that Uncle Sam gets his money by taxation. If the money came as a loan from private interests "efficiency first" might have to be our motto.

IT is bad enough when professional patriots like Messrs. Lusk and Stevenson try to make political and economic orthodoxy the supreme test of a teacher's qualifications; it is worse when from within the teaching profession a man like Aaron I. Dotey, prompted by fanaticism or less creditable motives, plays the part of spy upon the opinions of his fellows. But the deepest cause for anxiety as to the health of the New York City school system lies less in the attitude of these individuals than in the fact that the Teachers' Council, which claims to be representative of all teachers' organizations, voluntarily sought to fasten upon the schools a new inquisition. The Teachers' Council, it will be remembered, suggested the appointment of the advisory committee to examine the records of teachers whose "patriotism" was doubtful. Learning nothing from the public's repudiation of that body, it has now adopted the Dotey report which calls upon the New York Board of Education to remove all members of the Teachers' Union from the schools and recommends that various persons and organizations be forbidden the use of the schools for forums or for such workers' educational classes as the needle trades unions have conducted. On the blacklist appear the names of Jane Addams and Lillian Wald—denounced as pacifists and associates of radicals. It is high time that we learned that the schools are the property of the people, for all the people—radicals, reactionaries, pacifists, militarists—to use freely. We believe that the very absurdity of the Dotey report will discredit it with the public and the Board of Education. Our deeper hope is that the teachers generally will repudiate a body whose conception of education degrades the profession which has in its keeping so much of our hope for the future.

NEWS as she is made: The Post Office Department sent to the papers on June 28 a news "release" the first paragraph of which read as follows:

> Up until a few days ago the Soviet Government of Russia refused to receive more than two pieces of mail per month sent from this country to an individual in Russia. The Post Office Department announces that this restriction now has been removed, and there is no limit on the number of pieces of mail which may be sent to anyone in Russia.

The restriction was made when, after a long period of blockade by the Western Powers, mail communications were reopened with a limited staff and limited transportation facilities. But the New York *Times*, while printing word for word the Post Office Department release, preceded it with this pretty little invention:

> WASHINGTON, June 28.—The Russian Soviet Government's system of keeping its people in partial ignorance of what is taking place in the outside world and preventing them from having any extended correspondence with relatives and friends in the United States has been modified. The Post Office Department has been notified that, etc.

The editorial page of the *Times* is frankly Tory. One knows how to discount it. It is editorial coloration of matter printed as news which subtly poisons the public mind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator McCormick Sees It Through

THE Select Committee of the Senate which on and off has been investigating the American occupation of Haiti for a year has made its final report. It is the expected whitewash, with trimmings. Messrs. McCormick, Pomerene, Jones, and Oddie concur in the need for the continued American occupation, which they urge—a conclusion which they made public six months ago before all the witnesses were heard. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the decision was made before the Committee began its hearings. The chairman of the Committee, Mr. Medill McCormick, has not changed his mind since he wrote Our Failure in Haiti nearly two years ago for *The Nation*, saying "We are there and in my judgment we ought to stay there for twenty years," and recommending the appointment of a virtual dictator for the republic of Haiti, a recommendation now carried out in the appointment of Brigadier General Russell as High Commissioner.

In other respects, however, Mr. McCormick's views have undergone some alteration. In the fall of 1920 he wrote:

> The Haitian scandal is the fruit of the exquisite hypocrisy which has peculiarly characterized the present Administration, and of the canting inefficiency which has marked the conduct of the Navy Department during the last several years. We subjugated the people of Haiti . . . by force of arms.

Of these sentiments and of candidate Harding's denunciation of our imposing a constitution upon the Haitians at the point of a bayonet there is no trace in the report. Mr. Harding and Mr. McCormick were apparently speaking through their campaign hats. To the various flagrant illegalities incident to our conquest of Haiti there is, after the brief statement that American troops had landed in July, 1915, only this casual reference:

> The American representatives in the opinion of your Committee influenced the majority of the Assembly in the choice of a president. Later they exercised pressure to induce the ratification by Haiti of the convention in September, 1915, precisely as the United States had exercised pressure to induce the incorporation of the Platt Amendment in the Cuban constitution, thus to assure the tranquillity and prosperity of Cuba.

The cases of Cuba and of Haiti are wholly dissimilar. Cuba had never been independent. Haiti had been independent for 111 years. We came there unbidden, solely by right of might, and imposed not a Platt Amendment but a convention completely destroying her sovereignty.

The larger part of the report deals with atrocities. In ext nuating most of them, overlooking others, and judiciously pinning an eclectic blame on certain individuals, while condemning "the process by which biased or interested individuals and committees and propagandists have seized on isolated instances" . . . "to blacken the name of the navy," the Committee very effectively draws a whole school of red herrings across the trail of the "Haitian scandal." There has been only one atrocity in Haiti that essentially concerns either the people of Haiti or the people of the United States, and that is the fundamental atrocity of our going in and staying in. And on this atrocity the Committee is conspicuously silent. It is the facts revealed in the official cables of Admiral Caperton, Secretaries Lansing and Daniels, and General Cole, facts that cannot be explained away, which "blacken the name of the navy" and indeed the name and honor of the entire country beyond any power of propagandists or of apologists to add or detract. Of course, there were atrocities in Haiti. There always have been and always will be atrocities under a military occupation, especially when one race is given power of life and death over another which it considers "inferior." But these atrocities are incidental to the greater one.

In discussing these the Committee has gone as far in the direction of whitewash as was consistent with a minimum of regard for decency and credibility. After finding that certain prisoners were executed without trial, and condemning the corvée, it explains the "legal" killings thus:

> The casualties . . . undoubtedly included some non-combatants. The bandits were found resting in settlements where they were surrounded by their women and children, or in villages where they camped and were tolerated by the inhabitants through fear or friendship. When encountered they had to be instantly attacked. These conditions largely account for the deaths of the bystanders.

In other words as Blasco Ibañez had the Germans say: "It is distressing, but it is war." What the Committee carefully refrains from noting is that the Americans who did the killing had no right there and that the "bandits" who were surrounded by their women and children were fighting for the same principles and the same heritage as were the Belgians at Dinant and the ragged patriots at Valley Forge.

Instead, there is much emphasis on the popularity of the Americans in Haiti. To make this plausible when all recorded Haitian testimony is contrary it is stated that

> Much evidence does not appear in the record. This consists of oral statements made to the Committee or to one or more members in the course of confidential conversations which took place during the Committee's visit to Haiti. If those individuals who made the statements had not received and relied on the assurance that their names would not be published nothing could have been learned from these valuable sources. . . . The peasants . . . do not now wish for the withdrawal of the marines. . . . Of this the Committee has been convinced by opinions expressed at first hand by intelligent peasants.

Well, the Committee gleaned its information from peasants when it traveled a short distance overland in a cortege of seven automobiles. Every Senator was flanked by senior officers of the occupation. They paused briefly at villages and asked questions through an interpreter—with the officers standing about. None of these people had ever before seen the Senators, who suddenly loomed up before them. The Senators were Americans like the rest, there for a brief instant; then they would be gone but the occupation would remain—that much every peasant knew. *The Nation* is wholly skeptical about the evidence which does not appear in the record and the glowing tributes which the Senators received privately concerning the occupation. If American rule is a love feast why the need of martial law? Why has the Haitian legislature, representing the wishes of the people, been suppressed since 1917 when it was dissolved for refusing to vote for the Franklin Roosevelt constitution? Why are respected Haitians in prison at this moment for protesting peaceably against the imposition of the $40,000,000 loan which the Committee feels is so urgent a necessity for the welfare of Haiti?

The Nation has before referred to the anomaly of having one party to a controversy act as arbiter. To this delicate and difficult responsibility the Committee was unable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or unwilling to rise. The report reveals the investigators' bias. Emphasis is placed on the unreliability of Haitian witnesses. True, some were unreliable, but unreliability is not exclusively a Haitian attribute. It is impossible to read the testimonies of Generals Cole and Butler on the dissolution of the Haitian legislature in 1917 without noticing the grave discrepancies between them. The report makes much of the fact that certain native witnesses who in early investigations testified against American marine officers later changed their testimony. The senatorial imagination does not go beyond discrediting such witnesses. It does not inquire what pressure may have led to this change.

There are some factual errors in the report. It is stated that in consequence of the efficient financial supervision exercised by the Americans "today there is no interest or capital overdue"[1] and "arrears of amortization as well as of interest on the public debt have been paid."[2] To date not one cent of either interest or amortization has been paid on the various internal loans since 1916. These obligations had always been paid prior to the occupation.

The Committee reports that there was failure in Washington "to appreciate the importance of selecting for service in Haiti men who were sympathetic with the Haitians." It might have added that those who showed such leanings were promptly sent back. On the other hand it finds that

> There is peace and security of property and person throughout the republic. The peasant in his hovel or on the roads to market is safe from molestation by brigands or official authority. A force of 2,500 gendarmes insufficiently trained to cope with the Caco outrage in 1918 is now admirably established. . . . In brief . . . the peace of the republic, the solvency of its government, and the security of its people have been established for the first time in many years.

Nevertheless, despite all these magnificent achievements, which would naturally lead one to the conclusion that it was time for the faithful servant and good Samaritan to be dismissed, the Committee insists that we should stay. It sets no date and makes no mention of withdrawal beyond suggesting a gradual diminution of the number of marines and a shadowy allusion to "the day when Haiti may stand alone." Needless to say that those who took us into Haiti and those who are now keeping us there know perfectly well that that day will never come if they can prevent it. Withdrawal of marines with the retention of an economic and political strangle-hold is not withdrawal. Senator Borah was right in the recent debate on Haiti in saying:

> It was said that we went there for the purpose of restoring law and order. If we had gone there for that purpose, we never would have done the things which we did after we arrived there. The things which we did indicated that we were not there temporarily for the purpose of restoring law and order, but that we were there for a more permanent and a more abiding reason.

The "more abiding reason" was to make Haiti safe for American investment. Despite the Committee's report the testimony in the official record makes that unmistakably clear. It is to make safe American investment that an unascertainable sum is yearly loaded on our taxpayers, that several thousand Haitians have been killed, that a score of American boys were sacrificed, and that America's good name and faith have been made a byword. If these things are not true it would have been simple enough for the Committee so to make it unmistakably clear.

[1] P. 8. [2] P. 24.

Crime and Its Cure

WHAT the newspapers call the "crime wave" rolls on. That it is not regarded with entire indifference is evident from the attention paid to the efforts of the committee of the American Bar Association which has been collecting facts and ideas in various parts of the country and is preparing recommendations. The committee has learned, for instance, that in New York City one out of every thirty registered automobiles is stolen every year, while the American Bankers' Association reports that in 1917 there were 115 burglaries and 80 hold-ups of banks in the country while in 1921 there were 319 burglaries and 136 hold-ups. The losses paid by burglary insurance companies grew from $1,686,195 in 1915 to $10,189,853 in 1920, an increase of 543 per cent.

Those who have given their views to the committee of the American Bar Association have been mostly judges, lawyers, and others connected with the administration of criminal justice, and their recommendations naturally look to reforms in that quarter. As might be expected there has been considerable protest against the "coddling" of criminals and not a little criticism of prison reform. That there has been some foolish sentimentality toward inmates of our prisons it would be idle to deny, but it has been incidental to, or in no way connected with, the general movement to make our jails places in which there is some possibility of reclaiming misguided careers. If there is to be no hope of sending prisoners back to the world honest and useful men and women, then logically they should not be released at all; every person convicted of a serious crime should be sentenced for life or sent to the lethal chamber. Fortunately public sentiment is in no temper to accept this alternative and it should reject with equal insistence the suggestions to do away with suspended sentences, the parole system, and other methods tending to raise justice to a plane higher than that of the desire to put the criminal where temporarily he cannot harm society or to wreak upon him the savage instinct of vengeance.

Justice Norman Dike of the New York Supreme Court and Henry W. Taft were on better ground in assailing the technicalities of our criminal procedure and in calling for a revision of the rules of evidence. Justice Dike favored the French procedure which makes it possible to acquaint a jury with all of a defendant's past and mentioned the advantages of the Italian method of confronting the prisoner, when possible, with the supposed victim. However laudable would be a simplification of our criminal procedure, it is essential that we should not lessen any of the safeguards which protect the citizens against the illegal and arbitrary acts of police and prosecutors; these abuses, already too common, are a greater danger than the failure to apprehend and punish criminals. No suggestion made to the committee is worthy of warmer support than that of Judge Thomas C. T. Crain of the New York Court of General Sessions, who advocated that no "confession" made to the police should be admitted as evidence unless made in the presence of the man's lawyer. This would prejudice no legitimate right of the prosecution and would put an end to the infamous "third degree" whereby the police extort statements quite as doubtful as the recantations made under the tortures of the Inquisition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far as we have observed, nobody has yet suggested to the committee a change that would probably do more than any other to improve the administration of our criminal law: abolition of capital punishment. Admittedly our most flagrant judicial abuses are in connection with capital cases. This is not due, as Henry W. Taft suggests, to sentimentality but to civilizing influences that are teaching us that the death penalty is as fatuous as it is inhuman. It is not a deterrent of crime, for the reason that at least nine out of every ten persons concerned confidently expect never to be caught, or, in a fury of passion, are ready to accept any consequences. On the other hand, objection to the death penalty not only excludes as jurymen in capital cases a growing number of intelligent persons who openly declare themselves against it, but it operates subconsciously to obstruct the decision of hundreds of others. It should require no better evidence to convict a man of murder in the first degree than of manslaughter; practically, we know that it does. Without question it is the hidden horror of consigning a fellow human to death that causes many miscarriages of justice in capital cases.

The committee of the American Bar Association could make no recommendation more progressive and more practical than the abolition of legalized murder.

Buttinsky and the Bandits

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.—A. Ruse Buttinsky, the hero of this engrossing romance of love, mystery, and adventure, began life at birth in a small town in the United States. He early developed a passion for detective stories and learned to believe in the wildest kind of tales. Hence, when America entered the war, he was at once enlisted as Chief Sleuth of the Bureau of Dime Novels of the Department of Fiction. When the crule war was over Buttinsky sought excitement in the service of an oil company interested in Mexico. For some years American oil companies had bossed Mexico until further notice. In order that no government there should become strong enough to control them they maintained a flourishing bandit industry, the deeds of which kept Mexico in constant hot water at Washington. But for some time everything had been so safe and orderly in Mexico that the oil companies were in despair. In this crisis Buttinsky was sent to Mexico and told to get busy. This week's instalment opens with our hero walking unaccompanied over a region containing nothing but cactus, barbed wire, sage bushes, and loneliness.

Chapter V

Buttinsky, a fine upstanding type of American manhood, strode over the dreary waste clad only in a sombrero, army shoes, a khaki shirt, and a Hart Schaffner and Marx four-piece suit. He carried the extra trousers under his arm because there was no knowing when he might need them in a country of cactus and barbed wire. Suddenly he espied a figure beside a rock. Thank God! It was a human being, although a rather undersized and ill-favored half-breed. Buttinsky approached.

"I say, old dear," he began genially, "I'm looking for a bandit. Would you be good enough to direct me to one?"

"Bandit is my middle name," growled the half-breed, surlily. "You're half an hour late."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Buttinsky. "So you're my captor. Well, go ahead and captivate me; I'm all set. Only don't be rough. Here's a cigar before you begin."

Chapter VI

Furious excitement ruled in the Department of State in Washington. Secretary Stews sent for all the newspaper correspondents and in their presence wrote a note to Mexico demanding "vigorous action" against the perpetrators of "this outrage." Behind stern faces was visible a certain satisfaction, however, that again an excuse had been found for postponing the recognition of President Woebegone.

The furore was even greater in the office of the New York *Behind-the-Times*. The Managing Editor demanded that the story of the kidnapping be spread over the first page, and seizing a telegraph blank he instructed the newspaper's correspondent at the border: "Find Buttinsky, dead or alive. Spare no expense." Whereupon the correspondent bought two quarts of hootch and disappeared into the desert.

Chapter VII

Night in a cave. Darkness reigns within and without. Darkness so black, so stark, so intense that one can almost taste it. In a corner of the cave Buttinsky sleeps—sleeps heavily after a dinner of roast goat, Lyonnaise potatoes, cactus salad, and hip-flask mineral water. Stealthily a figure approaches him across the cave. Great God, is it a knife that gleams in his hand? The hand descends upon Buttinsky.

"W'as matter?" whines the American, waking slowly, and gazing into the cold steel of a flash light held in the other's hand.

"Get up!" commands the half-breed shortly. "It's time for you to escape. The cook has left a box of lunch for you on the hat-rack as you go out of the cave door. Try not to step on the other boys as you leave; they're tired after a hard day. So long! And—don't forget your rubbers!"

Chapter VIII

Over the desert Buttinsky made his way in the darkness. Still half asleep, and perhaps not yet having digested the hip-flask mineral water that he had had for supper, our hero walked unsteadily. Marching boldly up to a cliff, he fell over it.

Down, down, down, he fell. Hundreds of feet; thousands of feet! Faster and faster, farther and farther, downer and downer. His brain swirled; his past life swam before him. Would he never stop? Finally he saw the jagged rocks, the unyielding granite below, and—

Chapter IX

Plump! Buttinsky landed neatly on a sage bush and, looking up, saw towering five feet above him the cruel ledges from which he had fallen. Presently he discerned the sound of a motor chugging; he observed an automobile halted near the sage bush. Beside the car stood the correspondent of the New York *Behind-the-Times* puffing a cigarette.

"Jump in," said the latter laconically. "Once aboard the chugger and the ransom is mine. I've got it right here in my pocket."

"I'm badly bruised," sighed Buttinsky. "A mosquito bit me three times on the wrist; but, thank God, I'm again a free man. Break all speed laws to Mexico City and we'll spend the ransom together."

Chapter X

In New York City the general manager of A. Ruse Buttinsky's oil company received the news of the escape without emotion. "Just as I expected," he observed. "Those bandits certainly are bricks."

In a vine-covered cottage on Broad Island a plucky little woman heard first of the escape by a telephone message from the office of the New York *Behind-the-Times*. "Thank God!" she choked. "I knew he would come through fire and sword. My Buttinsky! My hero!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walther Rathenau

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

At Sea, June 27

AT tea in Berlin, just a week ago today, Georg Bernhard, the editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, said in answer to a question from me: "No, I do not fear any serious movement from the Right but I look for more assassinations." Three days later Walther Rathenau was the victim of the worst of those political crimes which are amazing and confusing those who knew the Germans of old and believed that their love of order and respect for the law were beyond those of any other people. For this terrible offense against the state the Right must bear the responsibility. I do not know at this writing whether the criminal is in custody or not, but I do know that the Nationalists are making daily speeches so viciously abusing government officials, so directly inciting to violence, that it is not surprising that men are found deluded enough to believe that they serve the state in attacking these officials. It was only the other day (June 19) that a Deputy in the Reichstag read out an extract from a Nationalist paper which ran as follows: "God sanctify Wirth, Rathenau, and Scheidemann. He has already sanctified Erzberger." Since that was published Rathenau has been killed and Scheidemann murderously assaulted.

I had not seen Walther Rathenau for twenty-two years when I went with the other American journalists in Berlin on April 6 to attend the first reception given by him to newspaper men. I shall not forget that meeting; Rathenau spoke for more than half an hour with an earnestness and a seriousness which made a profound impression upon us all. He seemed a man crushed by the weight of the burden he was carrying and oppressed by the gravity of the outlook for his country. I had the feeling that he was concentrating to talk to us only by the exercise of all his will power—indeed he was called to the Reichstag on a most important matter just as soon as he finished speaking and before he could answer more than one or two questions. He began by reminding us of what Edmund Burke had said about the American colonies—that you could not indict a whole people. It was impossible to so indict the German people, he insisted. But he did not long dwell upon the past. It was of the present and the future that he spoke, disclaiming all idea of propaganda, taking us fully into his confidence, and giving us the positive assurance in the name of the Government that if no relief were forthcoming at Genoa or in the immediate future the Government would, before the summer was over, face unrest and violence. "We do not know if it will come from the Right or the Left, but it will come."

At Genoa I met Rathenau again—this time for a private conversation—and again I got the impression of a man bowed down by terrible responsibility and anxiety. Tall, almost lanky, with deep-set eyes that bespoke a deep nature, again he seemed to me depressed and struggling against preoccupation, physically tired, with all the lightness in his nature crushed out of him. And again he could only dwell upon the perils of the situation. It was after the storm over the Rapallo Treaty had passed by. It had left its marks, though he was certain that no other course was possible. Next I heard him make a dull and uninteresting speech at the dull and uninteresting economic plenary session of the Conference on May 3. He spoke without life or fire, apparently still with the consciousness, which all the Germans so keenly had, of being men below the salt, permitted only by a great condescension to gather the crumbs from the table of the Lords of Righteousness. But Rathenau made up for this bit of dulness by a most taking and graceful speech at the final session in which he suddenly began to speak in excellent Italian, paying a tribute to Genoa and the Italian people which no one could have done without a real love for them. And that he had. For it is an interesting fact that whenever the aforesaid Lords of Righteousness at Genoa entered a street car—and there are exceptionally fine street cars—they did so by grace of Walther Rathenau, for it was he who years ago installed those cars, supervised the laying of the tracks, the building of the power-houses, and all the rest. At that time he obtained his intimate knowledge of Genoa which during the Conference surprised so many. He more than once took friends to remote places in those wonderful old streets.

On the whole Rathenau won golden opinions at Genoa, notably in his private meetings with Lloyd George and other leaders. Not that he was free from those terrible German defects of not being tactful and of not understanding the psychology of other peoples. He fairly slobbered over Lloyd George's fiery anti-French speech to the Anglo-American journalists when he ought to have realized that he, Rathenau, was the last man in Genoa who should have praised it, for thereby he injured Lloyd George and played into the hands of the French; when he ought to have known that the speech itself was merely the whim of a demagogue who turns and twists with every breeze and in this case forgot the speech as soon as it was made. The Germans were simply scared to death when they heard that the Allies were about to conclude an agreement with Russia and to assign to France the Russian claims against Germany. They should have stood on their dignity the minute they found out that although they were asked to Genoa on equal terms with everybody else they were being excluded from important committees. They should have given notice of their return to Berlin if this discrimination was not ended. It is precisely this meek and all-enduring attitude on the part of the Wirth Government which particularly infuriates the Nationalists and makes even republican sympathizers feel that the Wirth Government is weak to the point of betrayal. As to that I shall have something to say in another article. I merely wish to add here the sad fact that Rathenau's being a Jew is undoubtedly an important reason for the assassin's cowardly and despicable act. There are plenty in Germany to believe with Henry Ford that the presence of Jews in high office in Berlin, Rome, Petrograd, and elsewhere is proof of the international Jewish conspiracy to sell out the Christian world—or what little of it the Pope, according to anti-Papists, has left us. I myself heard Rathenau called Rathenauer and violently denounced as a traitorous Jew in more than one meeting. Instead he was a high-minded patriot, a business man suddenly become foreign minister, not of first-rate ability but conscientiously trying to do his best under circumstances of a perplexity no government has ever had to face before. In these times he stood out above the lesser leaders; combining with his vision of reconstruction an application of business common sense to foreign problems he gave great promise of future usefulness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These United States—VII*

SOUTH CAROLINA: A Lingering Fragrance

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

A TINY tongue of land extending from Broad Street in Charleston to the beautiful bay formed by the confluence of the Ashley and the Cooper rivers is all of South Carolina that has counted in the past; the memories that cling to the little peninsula are all that count today. More than thirty years have passed since Ben Tillman led the revolt of the agrarians, the "poor white trash," the "wool-hats" of the "upper country" against the old Charlestonian aristocracy. He won. The time-spirit was with him. The new men control the State; they control the State University; they will not send their sons to the College of Charleston; they have industrialized the "upper country" and made it hum with spindles and prosperity and their particular brand of righteousness. Spartanburg is both a more progressive and a more moral city than Charleston. It even indulges in cultural gestures and is visited by a symphony orchestra once a year. It is the headquarters of the cotton-mill men and of the Methodists; it is the seat of Wofford College where they cultivate Christian prosperity and the tradition of the sainted Bishop Duncan: "In my time I used to read Shakespeare and Scott and all those writers. But nowadays I read nothing but the Bible because I know it is the word of my God. . . ."

The new men brought neither freedom nor enlightenment. They oppress and bedevil the Negro without the old gentry's vivid and human even if strictly feudal sympathy with his character and needs; they sentimentalize in political speeches and commencement orations about the Old South. Of its genuine qualities, as these were represented in old Charleston, they know nothing. It was, indeed, in mute deference to them that the president of the College of Charleston ceased, long before the days of prohibition, to serve wine at his receptions and permitted engineering courses to be added to the undergraduate curriculum. In this atmosphere the sons of the Charleston gentry who, until a few years ago, studied Greek as a matter of course, have sunk into that appalling and intolerant ignorance and meanness of spirit that mark the cultural vacuum known as the New South. They no longer study in Europe or found periodicals or issue shy volumes of verse or cultivate a perfectly genuine though somewhat pseudo-Roman and oratorical spirit of service to the State and nation. They are letting their civilization perish without resistance.

They are, of course, vastly outnumbered and energy died out of the stock long before they were born. They are mere descendants and cling to the husks. In the early years of the present century one of the last of the Pinckneys wrote a "Life of Calhoun" in which he defended the doctrine of nullification as fundamentally necessary to the structure of American government. Then he went mad. At the reunions of Confederate Veterans the contemporaries of this gentleman spoke with tears of the glories of the Old South. They did not mean the spirit of true civilization which, somehow, old Charleston had possessed; they meant the "peculiar institution of slavery" and the oligarchical rule of the planters of the sea-board counties. Yet at that very time faint remnants of the old Charleston spirit could be observed. The Master in Equity, a *novus homo*, but long accepted through association and marriage into, let us say, the South Carolina Society and the St. Cecilia Society, desired to publish in a volume the poems he had written in the course of a lifetime beautifully though rather ineffectually dedicated to literature and learning. A group of his friends—colleagues of the Charleston bar—made up a purse for him and the book was duly brought out by a New York firm noted for its sharp business practice and its long association with American literature. That was a last flicker of the life of old Charleston. . . .

I seem to be detailing gossip. But these anecdotes are significant and they are, at least, authentic. They should be corrected in the impression they convey by others. The old Charleston group had its darker side. William Gilmore Sims was treated shabbily, though I am willing to believe that he was a man of rude manners and unprintable speech; Henry Timrod, the best of their poets, was treated abominably. He was, in the first place, the son of a German tradesman and poor and a tutor in planters' families. More sinister in its meaning is the bit of gossip which floated down the years that he or the young woman to whom he was betrothed had "a touch of the tar-brush." This thing—interesting and picturesque if true of the poet himself—was whispered to me in a kind of murderous secrecy as a sufficient excuse for whatever need, misery, humiliation poor Timrod was permitted to endure. The old Charlestonians, in brief, loved letters and learning and romance. They were often capable of a fine and gallant and even intellectual gesture; they bore themselves not without distinction. Under that cultivation and distinction, as under the cultivation and distinction of the eighteenth century type everywhere, lurked cruelty, violent intolerances, stealthy and relentless lusts. . . .

It is hard to realize that today. Quiet has stolen into the old houses of the lower city; scarcely a breath seems to ruffle the wistaria vines in spring! In such a spring Mr. Owen Wister visited shady drawing-rooms—and talked to exquisite old ladies and wrote "Lady Baltimore." Henry James communed with such frail figures during his last stay in this country. He saw a long disused harp, a lovely colonial cabinet, autograph letters of Hayne, and was told that Mr. Thackeray, when he lectured here, took tea in this very room. And it caressed his ear when old ladies with delicate shadows amid their porcelain-like wrinkles sounded the vowels of English as he knew, from the rhymes, Pope must have sounded them, but as he never expected to hear them upon mortal lips. These "values" pleased him amid the violent and raw distractions of the American scene. They are soothing. I, too, have lingered among them and savored them. But they do not tell the complete story of the civilization from which they derived.

* Reproduction forbidden. Quotation limited to 300 words. Copyright, 1922. The Nation, Inc.

This is the seventh article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31), the fifth on New Jersey by Edmund Wilson, Jr. (June 14), and the sixth on Utah by Murray E. King (June 28).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That tight and peculiar Charleston culture was created by settlers partly of English, partly of French descent. Names, put down almost at random, will help to convey its quality and atmosphere. Among the English names are Wragg, Middleton, Pinckney, Gadsden, Drayton, Hayne, Trescott, Bull; among the French are Manigault, Gaillard, Huger, Simon, Legaré, Porcher, de Saussure, Jervey (Gervais). The Ravanels were probably Marranos; the French settlers were Huguenots and though many of them, under the political and cultural domination of Britain, went to augment the Anglican parishes of St. Michael and St. Philip, enough clung to their ancestral faith to make the only Huguenot church in America a quaint and agreeable Charleston landmark to this day. There were dissenters from other countries, like the Dutch Mazycks; there was, from a very early period on, a small colony of Sephardic Jews—Lopez, De Leon, Moise, Ottolengui. All the names I have mentioned exist in Charleston today. Of the immediate youngsters I cannot speak. The bearers of these names who are now approaching middle age all, or nearly all, preserved within them something of the spirit of their ancestral civilization.

They were not Puritans in the fierce, vulgar, persecuting and self-persecuting sense. Their theological and moralistic assents were social gestures; they had, themselves, large mental reservations and though in their own persons they considered it rather bad form to parade those reservations, they were not intolerant of the type of conscience that held silence to be hypocritical. They were snobs to the marrow, but a few of them, at least, were capable of contemplating that fact consciously and a little sorrowfully. A Charleston gentleman, almost of the ancient regime, was heard to say to a friend of his: "I don't blame you at all for leaving a city where your social standing will never be quite what you deserve. It is a pity; Charleston needs you. But I should do the same in your place. . . ." Yes, they were snobs and facile assenters who made the free life more difficult. But they had a real respect for the arts, for the things of the mind, for the critical spirit they could never quite share. They were and are, when every deduction has been made, among the most civilized of Americans. They had, in addition, grace, ease, personal charm. When I think of the people who are pressing them hard—the horse-dealer from central Georgia, some hustler from the Middle West—I am inclined to lend them an almost legendary worth. I must, at all events, set down this fact: the present descendants of most of the old Charleston families are poor. The men are still members of the learned professions, as their fathers were. They still consider them learned professions—even the law. The handsome new houses in Charleston are the houses of new people. Many a beautiful and time-mellowed mansion on Legaré Street is in a state of gradual decay.

The history of the old Charleston group is, of course, like the history of other such urban and patrician groups in other parts of the world. It can be matched in Mantua and in Lübeck. The pathos of its downfall lies in the fact that it has gone down not before the authentic spirit of the modern world, but before the mean barbarism of sharp business men and Ku Klux Klanners. Its enemies and conquerors would consider the personalities it produced at its best moments—Hugh Swinton Legaré, Paul Hamilton Hayne, William Henry Trescott—very much as a Tulsa or Winesburg hundred percenter would consider, if he could consider them at all, Nietzsche or Verlaine or Bertrand Russell. For what Legaré and Trescott had was the critical and distinguishing mind, the culture of the intellect. Legaré, a diplomat, a scholar, a brilliant and romantic personality, a writer like the Edinburgh reviewers of the early days, hastened home from Brussels to protest against secession; Trescott, a statesman who cultivated quietly a gift for extraordinarily limpid and expressive prose wrote, soon after the Civil War, reflections that blended human warmth with philosophical detachment.

These men and Robert Hayne and Calhoun were, however, less intimately characteristic of the Charleston culture that projects feebly into the present than the minors—the shy spiritual and literary adventurers found in almost every family. In the very early days they were bolder, like Washington Allston, the poet and painter and friend of Coleridge. Later their efforts were more tentative and hushed, like the verses of the Simon brothers, or the really admirable poems of the almost legendary James Mathew Legaré, or the Crashaw-like outpourings of Caroline Poyas. Often they sought anonymity and printed verse and prose in the Charleston periodicals which succeeded each other from before the Revolution to the founding of the *Nineteenth Century* in 1870. And when one considers that the contents of these magazines were all written in Charleston and that Charleston, which has fewer than seventy-thousand inhabitants today, was a very small town indeed, one gains a high notion of the pervasiveness of the literary culture and spiritual aliveness that existed in the city between the Revolution and the Civil War. Much of this writing was, of course, feeble and jejune. There is scarcely an original note. The Byronic lyric succeeds the couplet and the didacticism of the late eighteenth century; the emergence of Keats can be noted almost to a day; later that of Tennyson. But behind this imitative expression there was an extraordinary number of cultivated, impassioned, vivid personalities. Everybody wrote—men of public affairs like William Crafts; merchants like Isaac Harby. One Manigault published anonymous novels, another was a really able scientist who brought home a great collection of natural history that is still to be seen. Still others expressed themselves through exotic adventure like Joel R. Poinsett, who found in Mexico the decorative flower that bears his name. I am deliberately jumbling periods. The spirit of the civilization of old Charleston was, while it lasted, one. From Alexander Garden—discoverer of the Gardenia—before the Revolution to Dr. Dixon Bruns of the Civil War period and to Professor Yates Snowden today, one of the marks of the gentleman and the eminent citizen has been to turn out an elegant or a stirring copy of verses at will. But the last or almost the last has been written. Only the descendants of the Sephardic Jews have shown a queer kind of vitality and have produced in the last generation and in this two writers of the shabbily popular variety—Rodriguez Ottolengui and Octavus Roy Cohen.

From Charleston "neck" to the Piedmont region there may well come the indignant question: Is Charleston gossip an adequate account of the great, proud State of South Carolina? It is. Or shall one record the labor conditions in the cotton mills or the antics of former Governor Blease or expatiate on the lynching statistics?—I once traveled with Blease from Charleston to Cincinnati. He was going to a national meeting of the Elks. He was, with a touch of consciousness, almost of staginess, the typical leader of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracy of the New South—ostentatiously large wool hat, dark rather fierce eyes, heavy black mustache, gaudy insignia on a heavy watch-chain, a man who radiated or wanted to radiate a constant ferocity against the irreligious, the impure, "Nigger-lovers," aristocrats, "pap-suckers," Yankees, intellectuals, a son of the soil and of the mob with a chip on his shoulder. His conversation had a steady note of the belligerent and the self-righteous. A noisy, astute yet hectic obscurantist. He might have been from Georgia or Mississippi. He despised Charleston with a touch of inverted envy. A South Carolinian quite merged in a larger and lower unity and without any relation to the specific character of the State. Finally shall one make much of the fact that though, whether through the influence of race or climate, the demands of the senses are rather exorbitant in South Carolina, the State has the amusing distinction of being the only commonwealth in the civilized world that will tolerate no provision for divorce on its statute books? In Charleston, at least, there has never been a lynching and her citizens have, at need, disregarded their Draconian lawgivers. Also, they and their ancestors have created a beautiful thing—the old city that clings to the bay. Linger in these streets and lanes and gardens and enter a few shadowy interiors beyond the deep verandas that turn to the South. A race lived here that loved dignity without ostentation, books and wine and human distinction. Its sins, which were many, fade into the past. They were always less vulgar and ugly than the sins of those who have come after.

[*The next article in this series, to appear in* The Nation *of July 26, will be* Nevada: Desert of Buried Hopes, *by Anne Martin.*]

"Mountaineers Shall Always Be Free"

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

A COUPLE of weeks ago a commission set out for West Virginia with a simple purpose in mind: to discover the extent of destitution in the New River Coal Field—one of the richest bituminous fields in the world. It set out in answer to a challenge from the operators' association issued through the person of its secretary, T. L. Lewis—formerly president of the United Mine Workers of America, now hated and despised by every union miner in the country. Mr. Lewis had heard that money was being raised in New York and Baltimore to provide food for the families of striking miners in that field; he had read unkind remarks in the press about the state of life and liberty in the New River mines; he had seen advertisements of a meeting in New York to be presided over by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise at which the plight of the striking miners would be described, and in a mood of deep indignation he invited Dr. Wise to appoint a commission to investigate conditions in the field. In his letter to Dr. Wise and in his statements to the newspapers Mr. Lewis made the flat statement: *There is no necessary destitution in the New River coal field.* A commission, composed of Dr. Wise's associate Rabbi Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein, Winthrop D. Lane, and Father McGowan of the National Catholic Welfare Council, was duly appointed by Dr. Wise. It went to the New River field looking for destitution—but what it found was war.

Destitution is evident everywhere through the field, but back of it and above and below it is one of the most bitter industrial struggles in the history of the coal industry. The members of the commission could not look at ragged children and hungry men and women without seeing behind them the settled purpose of the coal operators to starve unionism out of the New River field. And the operators have pretty well succeeded.

The New River field has been organized for some seven years, but even though it operated on an agreement with the United Mine Workers, the union ranks have never closed as solidly as they have, for instance, in the Kanawha field next door where miners' wives say that they would rather starve to death than go back to work without a contract. When the depression of 1921 hit the New River mines, one company after another shut down. Thousands of men were wholly idle for weeks at a time, or working one or two days a week. During the winter many families came so near to the edge of starvation that when the new year brought some orders and a few mines opened most of the men went back to work. The operators all tell the same story: The men in the various camps petitioned the companies to open the mines and take them back at the 1917 wage scale. These petitions were remarkably similar all over the field: each one asked for work; each one suggested the same cut and the same wage scale though it meant breaking the operators' agreement with the union.

The men tell the same story too, but it differs from that of the operators: When the mines opened they were told they might come back to work at the 1917 scale—at least 30 per cent below the scale of 1919-1920. Some companies made them sign petitions to this effect, some added a clause stating that they came back "as individuals," some gave them papers to sign which they were not even allowed to read. They went back to work, they say, because they were starving; they had no idea of leaving the union; and on April 1 they answered the strike call almost to a man. But months of unemployment had weakened their resistance. No one had been able to save a cent; most of them were in debt. The union could give little strike relief in the New River field; outside relief was inadequate. Slowly the men who had most to meet and least to meet it with drifted back into the mines; now fully half of them are at work—on the 1917 scale—and the New River mines are producing 60 per cent of their normal output.

The operators, of course, like most of the rest of us, are confirmed altruists. Their sentiments are almost sickeningly sweet. Every single one interviewed by the commission said that the union was dead in the New River field, that the operators would never make an agreement with the union even on the operators' own terms. And the reason each one gave was that these union leaders were bad men—gunmen, thugs, contract breakers; that they misled honest and gullible workers; that the country must have coal and it was West Virginia's proud duty to see to it that no group of men could hold the country up. Never a sordid word; no talk of profits or coal prices or wage reductions or any such material concern. Honor, the good of the men, the protec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the country—these were apparently the sole thoughts of the operators who talked to the commission.

And so destitution became a bitter incident rather than the center of the inquiry. Starvation was something more than a deplorable condition to be relieved; it stood forth harshly as the weapon by which the union was to be driven out of the field. Mr. Lewis had denied the existence of "necessary" destitution; and the meaning of that qualifying word became daily more manifest. The men could go back to work and break their strike—follow their weaker or hungrier brothers into the mines—and, although the wage was obviously inadequate, destitution in its grosser forms would disappear. If half the workers in the New River field are still on strike it is by virtue of their own vast endurance and the heroic efforts of Miss Elizabeth Gilman. The strikers are living day by day on the money which she and her co-workers have collected. Without this money they must starve or yield. With it they are hungry but desperately determined to hold together as long as possible.

Four methods are being employed to break the strike in the New River field: hunger, evictions, injunctions, the blacklist. The commission found evidence of all of them. Let hunger come first. On the day the commission arrived at Beckley several committees of strikers from neighboring camps came to the union offices. One group represented seventeen evicted families and came to find out if the union could supply tents. (It had no more tents.) One group wanted the union to furnish bonds in order that several families might put off the execution of their evictions. One lone man had come in 25 miles, with the intention of walking home, to get a $10 food order to be divided among six families for a week's rations. The commission took testimony at random from several of the men. C. C. Stone, a striker, told his story in just about these words: "I can only speak for myself. Last week I got $2.47 from the district [District 29, United Mine Workers]. The week before I got $2.48. I have eight children. All of them is home but the oldest boy and a girl. The boy's working. He's sent me about $5 a month for the three months since he caught a job. The youngest is nine months. He's real porely. His mother can't get the food she needs to nurse him right, it seems. I been out since August 15 when they gave us a cut and I quit. Since then I've picked up some money here and there—or they'd all be dead. I figure I've took in all told around $188 since August. I got work on the railroad a spell and in Woods's store for a month and nine days. The other day the super called five of us to the office and told us that house notices (evictions) was going out to us, but we could stay on if we'd come back and take the cut. That's what I come here about. There's twenty children in the five families, and I come here to see about tents from the district when we get throwed out. But they say they ain't got none. How'll we get on? Well, we've got on so far an' up till the strike there wa'n't no food orders to be got an' no work neither. We get along the best we can. Sometimes I sang [dig ginseng roots] and dig yellow root and pick May apples—any old thing like that. The storekeepers have been decent; they give you credit as long as they can stand it—till the wholesalers shut down on 'em. I owe more'n $200 to the stores right now."

F. C. Conway had "took in" about $30 since October 13 when the mine closed down. He had just received a $10 food order from the union to be divided among the thirty-three members of six evicted families who were living in a group of abandoned shacks. He has six children; he is forty-two years old and has been a miner since he was nine. Two days later we heard that he had been arrested for moonshining—a method, perilous but frequently employed by the strikers, of eking out starvation rations.

Mr. Figgett ran a store up on the mountain. He had been a miner from 1907 to 1919. "I got killed in the mines, you might say," he remarked. A bad heart drove him to store keeping. He has extended credit to miners ranging from $5 a man to $177—the total individual credits amount to over $2,500. His own debts to wholesalers are over $1,600; they are shutting down on him now but as long as he can get credit he'll give it to the strikers.

These stories were typical. The union is distributing $3,140 a week in relief to 3,099 families in just such circumstances. The food rations consist of flour, meal, red beans, "fat meat" (salty and often rancid piece of blubber-like pork), and coffee. Occasionally a bar of soap or a little lard or a little soda or baking powder is added. Together with the members of the commission I visited camps and tent colonies and looked into the dingy old barrels that usually served as larder. I saw the remnants of soggy meals. I saw barrels almost empty four days before the next food distribution. I saw these things and dreaded to think what would happen if Miss Gilman's efforts should fail for even a brief week or two.

Eviction notices are coming thick and fast in the New River field, and the union can no longer furnish bonds to put off the day of dispossession. Families are moved out overnight. The commission heard that several families were to be "set out" in Scarboro and we hurried over in a car to see the process. We visited families who had already been housed in tents. We called on the families who were awaiting eviction. Nothing happened; but late in the day we were told that the wagons had been out on the road to perform the moving and were turned back when the "squire"—the justice of the peace—heard of the commission's approach. We visited a tent colony on a high breezy hill, where under one canvas lived four families, two of them Negro, with all their goods and babies. The tent belonged to a sympathetic evangelist; the roof leaked and two more families were moving in that afternoon, but the whole group seemed cheerful and determined. In a near-by horse stable lived a colored family with four children. The inside was dark; a loft filled with damp hay forced a person to bend his head to enter; the floor was of dirt just recently cleared of manure and stones. The young wife was grim and forbidding; she refused to be jocular over the job of bringing up a family in a black, damp, odorous stable.

Evictions began with the active unionists, the local officials and committee members. As more mines reopened the operators began to throw the other strikers out of the company houses—there are none but company houses—and even to force them and their poor tents from the property leased or loaned to the union by independent farmers. The families on the hill, visited by the commission, were on the verge of a second eviction. On the very day we saw them, the farmer who had authorized the use of his land received the following letter:

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY

MACDONALD, W. VA., *June 19, 1922*

MR. TONEY YANEY, *Scarboro, W. Va.*

DEAR SIR: I am advised that you occupy some of the White Oak Fuel Company's land which was purchased from Mr. Hughart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is to advise that the White Oak Fuel Company has a lease in fee, covering mineral, surface, stone, water, and absolutely everything with exception to the timber upon said land.

I must further notify you that in case you allow any one to in any way use any of the above Hughart Tract, I shall be forced to immediately put you and such tenants off the land, and institute proceedings against you for trespass.

I notice that there is now a tent upon this land and there are some people living in a barn upon same and must say that unless these tenants are put off within five (5) days from date hereof I shall be forced to proceed to remove you and such tenants without further notice.

Yours truly,

J. W. LAMBERT,
Timber Agent, White Oak Fuel Company

Mr. Yaney swore that he possessed a deed to the land (his title had never before been questioned), but as the result of his help to the homeless strikers he faced forcible eviction from his farm and a suit for trespass upon it! There are now nearly 400 evicted families living in tents or tar-paper shacks in the New River field and house notices have been received by more than twice that number besides.

As for injunctions every active unionist has a pocketful of them. They were offered to us in sheafs. Reduced to their simple terms they enjoin the person to whom they were sent from doing everything but eat—if he could get the food—and sleep—if he could find a place to put his head. The union men may not approach the men who have gone to work, nor trespass on company property, nor call meetings. The injunctions are inclusive and destructive of practically every form of personal freedom.

The operators deny the existence of a blacklist. "Of course," said one general manager, "there are some men, some chronic malcontents, that we probably couldn't take back on any terms. Certainly it is better to get rid of a few trouble-makers than have all the contented workers insulted and upset." The active unionists were thus shut out of their own mines even before the strike, and similarly, according to the union and the men themselves, out of every mine in the district. Strikers told the commission that they had tried unsuccessfully to get jobs in every working mine—even in mines where the company had announced that it would take on every man who applied. "No Jim," the "super" would say, "you know very well I can't take you on." The union estimates that there are at least 300 blacklisted men in the New River field.

By these means the operators are trying to do the union to death. If they succeed, if the New River mines get back to a normal output and the union is crushed, it will give coal operators all over the country a breathing spell in which to gather their forces to break the union and win the general strike. If they succeed 10,000 miners in the New River coal field will be left helpless to face whatever conditions and wages the operators choose to offer. "We were nothing better than slaves," said a miner's wife, "before we got the union, and we'll be slaves again if we lose it. That's why we are still fighting when so many have gone back to work. We might as well die free right now as go back to the old conditions." She had probably never heard it and she would not have understood it, but she voiced the spirit that inspired the motto of West Virginia—the fine motto which the coal companies have turned into an ugly jeer—"Montani semper liberi."

The Fate of Trieste: *Redenta*

By CARLETON BEALS

THE trade of Trieste steadily declines. The wharves lie half idle; throngs of unemployed jostle in the piazzas; the communism of the hungry lifts its ugly head. The passenger train sliding from Laibana (Laibach) through the pass of San Pietro is a battered four-car affair; that through Pontebba—formerly one of the finest international trains in Europe—is little better. Trieste, compared to the days of its greatness, is commercially isolated from Italy and from the rest of Europe. The altered frontiers, the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire, the catastrophic decline of Vienna to a second-rate German city have had serious repercussions in *Italia Redenta.*

Ordinarily, Trieste, besides serving Julian Venice, would handle a large share of the traffic of Styria, Bohemia, and Austria by the two railroads mentioned and by the line crossing through the pass of Tolmino, as well as dividing with Fiume the commerce of Carniola and Carinthia. Likewise, the Germans by building the Tauern railroad in 1909 were able to throw the bulk of their southbound goods to Trieste rather than to Venice. In 1913 this combined trade insured to Trieste an export-import total of 3½ million tons. Since the war the total has never reached 1½ million, and last year the figures were but 1,371,604 tons, or less than 50 per cent of the pre-war movement.

In other words the post-war land-movement of merchandise has never been as great in any given year as that for 1907. The 1921 freight-car figures are but 66.5 per cent of those for 1907, and but 47.5 per cent for those of 1913. The unofficial figures for December and the early months of 1922 show that this decline has not been halted; that the commerce of Trieste three and a half years after the end of the World War may still have its lowest point to reach.

A number of international factors operate thus to isolate Trieste, and though partially previsioned at Versailles are at present unalterable. The war and the subsequent treaty of peace aimed at the destruction of the economic unity of Mittel-Europa. But in spite of shattered political life and the overthrow of German overlordship, that economic unity persists, especially among the western Slavs. Commerce refuses to obey political dicta; it flows in the channels of cheapest transportation. Today in Central Europe there is inevitably an economic league of the nations of depleted currency. Thus it becomes cheaper for Austria, Bohemia, Czecho-Slovakia to ship to the Mediterranean by the roundabout way of Hamburg, because of lower railway rates, port charges, and labor cost, than through the natural egress of Trieste. Even overland routes are more economical. Today a freight car from Prague to Constantinople costs 300 francs as opposed to 3,000 lire to Trieste, the more natural route. And in case goods to Trieste must pass through Switzerland, where money is nearly at par and the price level thus high, the disadvantage is enormously increased.

Another factor cementing Central Europe and the Balkans at the expense of Trieste and dictating the direction commerce shall take has been the internationalization of the Danube. Seven states have access to its waters, and five possess territory on both banks. Trieste must compete on an entirely new basis with this greatest of the water highways of Central Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Treaty of Saint Germain which guarantees Austria free access to the Adriatic, the agreement reached between Italy and Austria in April, 1920, providing for a free zone, resident Austrian customs officials in the port, and special facilities for the repair of Austrian ships are of small benefit so long as Austria rides the rapids of ruin. Likewise the setting aside of a portion of the port for the individual use of Czecho-Slovakian trade has as yet borne little fruit. International trade with the Balkans still requires stabilization. The natural and political barriers are great; the currency steadily depreciates; railway and frontier tariffs are experimental, retaliatory, and high. Italy resentfully feels that these tariffs, especially in the case of Jugoslavia, have been directed against Italian commerce in the Adriatic. Nor can Trieste compete for the transatlantic traffic of the hinterland, for besides the discrepancy now existing in railroad and freight charges the freight rates to New York from Hamburg and Trieste respectively bear the prohibitory ratio of five to eight.

Trieste, in normal times, is primarily a port for North Africa, the Black Sea, the Levant, the Far East. The isolation and economic collapse of Russia have removed that great market from consideration. It is true the Lloyd Triestino, one of the most important steamship companies, has valiantly negotiated with the authorities of Odessa, as though the port was an independent entity, and now has a regular line running, but the service is as yet conducted at a loss. Likewise the Levant is still in political and military uproar and is not likely to prove profitable as a commercial field for some time to come. The Italians are optimistic that the withdrawal of England from Egypt will enable them to control a larger measure of the Cairo-Red Sea trade, but this is also a question of time and development. More local factors are likewise involved in the collapse of Triestian prosperity. A grave setback occurred at the time of the Fiumian episodes when business initiative in Trieste was paralyzed; later the temporary abandonment of national ship-building projects added to the stress. At best, the Trentino, of which Trieste is the chief port, is barren, poverty-stricken, lacking an adequate water supply and electric power, and has no industries to buoy it over the present crisis. Trieste is a trading mart, little more. And even should the national government create, as at Naples in 1904, and more recently in Venice, a free industrial zone, the stimulation and development of sustaining industries would require decades.

Trieste is dependent upon a settled, prosperous Central Europe, a settled Orient, a settled Russia, a stabilized world. Pending this great readjustment it has been proposed to establish not only a free port but an institution once existing in medieval Venice, that of the *fondachi*, which would provide every important nation with special port facilities: wharves, warehouses, repair shops, offices for conducting its affairs and providing its own chandlery. In the old days this functioned so generously that, when the Republic was at war with the Empire, Austrian and German goods passed through the port unmolested. The recent treaties with Austria and the reservation of special facilities for Czecho-Slovakia are steps in this direction.

But whatever measures be taken, Trieste will still remain pinned beneath the wreckage of the late war, unable to gain her prosperity. And even when Europe is restored to sanity, the new frontiers, the competition of the internationalized Danube, the crystallization of east to west trade routes, the economic unification of Central Europe, and the certain loss of most of the German south-bound trade to Venice make it doubtful whether Trieste will ever again resume her proud commercial supremacy of the Adriatic. *Italia Redenta* is not an unmixed blessing.

Shelley for Vacation

By G. R. ELLIOTT

IN this summer time certain readers may wish to mark the centenary of Shelley's death (July 8, 1822) merely by taking afresh from his poetry the special pleasure there is in it—forgetting all battles of the books and struggles of the world, in some quiet country-place, or at least in the lonely places of fancy. Shelley's joy is at once the very spirit, and the quick relief, of solitude. It carries us (unless we are anti-Shelleyan) out of our everyday lives; but it does not impel us (unless we are Shelleyan) toward the "loftiest star of unascended heaven." This poet is a daemon of mid-air, invoking the gods of the upper and the under worlds. They must all make some fine response, so wistfully piercing is his incantation; but into his neutral region they can send only phantoms of themselves. Their movements have the loveliness of cloud-volutions, and their voices commingle in rarest music. They come streaming about us, as we read, and curtain us in the loneliness of mountain mists. They relieve us from reality; yet, being wraiths of reality, they can yield us for a time recreative companionship.

Love is chief of "sceptered phantoms" here. It is a strangely composite figure. But when Arnold pronounced Shelley "extremely inflammable" and yet also "angelic" he did not go on to show how these two contradictory images (angels are cool creatures, from the human standpoint) dissolve in the spirit of Shelley's poetry. The plain fact is that, deficient in real intensity, Shelley was animated by a quick, vague affectionateness. He never followed his emotion through, into the ways of full lust or of firm devotion, either in his life or in his poetry. Properly, his love is neither a flame nor an angel, but a daemon of the cloud-region. It is not a harmony of diverse realities but a distillation from them: a mingling of emotions so vapor-like that they seem to blend into one. It is poetically incapable, as Epipsychidion demonstrates, of the harmony that rises in great verse from the combination of rich, distinct emotional tones. Its finest voice is airily hermaphroditic: a melodious wraith, so to speak, of love's full harmony; as in the gracious song, The Fountains Mingle with the River. Through this subtle music, through Shelley's whole poetry of joy, goes the yearning solitude of a spirit removed from love's realities, and "peopling the lone universe" with love's shadows: shadows moving incessantly between man's earth and man's heaven, and blending in magical beauty with all the motions of the clouds.

In this regard, more than any other of our poets, Shelley "is made one with Nature." His verse is instinct with the fact that Nature, whatever else she may be, is always a tissue of movements ranging through innumerable degrees: corrosion of rocks, push of plant-fibers, creep of worms, swaying of branches, rush of rivers, flight of birds, sweep of clouds. When we are in the mood to strip these things of the color lent them by the human spirit they can all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merge into a vast, dim fabric, hanging screen-like about us, every thread of which is incessantly moving, swiftly or slowly, among the others. Shelley, like everyone else, projected his own hues upon that shifting screen. But his fancies, his very inmost tendencies of thought, were of such a quality as to blend extraordinarily with its intervolving strands. Nature herself is Shelleyan rather than Wordsworthian or Keatsian. Nor should our pleasure in Shelley's representation of her be sapped by the more "realistic" view which developed in the later nineteenth century and remains prominent in the poetry of the present time. The "vital onrush," the blind cruelty, the red-veined geniality of our present Nature—these are temporal reflections from human life, like the religionistic colors of the external world in earlier ages; or like the millennial vision of Shelley when in his youth he cherished the belief that the very poles of the Earth would in time become warm and habitable:

> And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles
> Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls
> Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,
> Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet
> To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves
> And melodize with man's blest nature there.

The age-old poetic intention in which clouds have seemed the very breath and spirit of Nature, instinct with all her shifting motions, reaches its culmination in Shelley. He is chief human kinsman of the world's water-vapor. His joy takes it rising from streams and seas, speeds with it on the winds, comes down with it in dew and rain, and floats away again with it through all mists and clouds. Whenever he touches a cloud, he touches it instantly into poetry. A sort of electric cloud-life runs through his whole work; and in long mediocre stretches of his more ambitious poems it seems hovering in darkness close behind the scene, awaiting its verse. The ways of other things, in Nature and human nature, are continually assimilated by Shelley to the ways of clouds. The streams on which his imagination is continually journeying are never compulsive tides of passion, any more than the remote shores and glades to which they bear him are firm lands of thought. His streams have the speed, drift, and swirl of vapors. The stillness of his landscapes is the hovering of clouds: often it is like the pause which clouds seem to make at the moment of mingling, accentuating their restlessness.

The exquisite hovering movement which distinguishes Shelley's style comes from an incessant fluctuation in his feeling for stillness. He swiftly longs for rest, and swiftly shrinks from it, like a sea-bird circling a reef. His joy "wantons in endless being"; he continually associates quietness with dull conventionality, with desolation and lifelessness; yet he craves a point of repose, ever on beyond. He can escape, however, from the sad orbit of mortality through a kind of magic trance frequent in his poetry. Its most reposeful phase is imaged in the enchanted human body in The Witch of Atlas:

> Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
> With gentle smiles about its eyelids playing,
> And living in its dreams beyond the rage
> Of death or life, while they were still arraying
> In liveries ever new the rapid, blind,
> And fleeting generations of mankind.

Here is complete escape. Here is such a lull as a tired citizen may enjoy at the beginning of his summer vacation, in the hammock of some "green hermitage," delightfully daydreaming of the responsibilities he has just left behind. And when presently he bestirs himself and, still considerably entranced, hurries out to enjoy the free region, he will find Shelley there, too, ever on ahead, circling among the winds, trees, and clouds. For the slumbrous stage of the Shelleyan trance is brief: through it the poet passes out into the joy of "the rapid, blind, and fleeting" movements of Nature. Absolved from all that wearies mankind, he is also absolved from the normal need of rest.

But, of course, such absolution has its penance. The delighted trance, like the fresh delight of one's vacation, threatens momently to end. As he revolves in his lovely Nature-orbit, where unimpeded motion alternates swiftly with light repose, our poet is constantly pulled, by sheer force of human gravity, toward the human orbit, where intense desire alternates with deep need of peace. Recurrently he wakens to find himself caught motionless between the two orbits, in a region of lonely desolation. But there is an antecedent moment in which he not only makes desolation beautiful, but finds there a quiet joy, a fragile, momentary stillness, often bordering on desolation, always instinct with coming change. From such region, when the wings of his joy are strong enough, Shelley soon speeds away. And one may follow him through all degrees of motion, up to the magical swiftness of The Cloud. This extraordinary lyric is a sort of quick gathering and distillation of all the cloud-joy in his poetry. Its absolute freedom from sad tones heard in his other late pieces seems due to a sort of desperate vacation-mood: a determined throwing away of the cares that come "when winter comes," and a concentering of all his fancy upon the congenial fluidity of Nature. In pursuing here the full circulation of the world's water-vapor, he makes the full circuit of his own joy. He sustains his mood on a sort of tranced acceleration of movement, with now and then a quick, delighted hovering. He reaches the acme of lonely entrancement in the closing stanza when he hovers for a moment toward a quiet death in "the blue dome of air," and then with daemon-laughter resumes his circling.

The Good Birds

By ELINOR WYLIE

Threading the evil hand and look
I sprang, on sinews spare and light,
To sleep beside a water-brook
Where snow was sprinkled overnight.

I spread my cloak upon the ground,
I laid my head upon a stone,
I stared into the sky and found
That I no longer lived alone.

He turned His burning eyes on me
From smoke above a mountain-shelf;
I did not want His company
Who wanted no one but myself.

I whistled shrill, I whistled keen;
The birds were servant to my nod.
They wove their wings into a screen
Between my lovely ground and God.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Driftway

SPEAKING of Marconi leads to the reflection that the two greatest inventions of the last quarter century—perhaps the only two of consequence—are wireless communication and the vacuum cleaner. A host of readers (assuming that the Drifter has such) will of course greet this statement with derision, and will proceed to mention the automobile, the airplane, the movies, the spit ball, and other new things under the sun. But, overlooking the fact that if he had time the Drifter could prove all these devices to have been known to the Chinese, he cannot put them in the same category as wireless communication and the vacuum cleaner. When the Drifter talks about great inventions he has in mind revolutionary and *permanent* contributions to progress. He is not concerned with mere novelty.

* * * * *

OF course there is a universal tendency to confuse novelty with progress. The world is always vastly occupied with a hundred and one new things which have their little day and then disappear into oblivion. Not one in a thousand of the novelties which so engross any one generation survives even until the next succeeding one. The discard of civilization is incalculable beside the small hand that is held throughout time. The test of a great invention, therefore, is primarily its capacity for revolution but ultimately its power to survive. Now the automobile fails on the first test. It is not revolutionary in spite of current belief to the contrary. It does not enable us to do what we could not do before, but merely to do it quicker. It has added only speed to a world already whirling too fast. The airplane, of course, is revolutionary, but it can hardly be claimed yet as an accomplished contribution to progress. In another quarter of a century it will doubtless have become a great factor in the advance of mankind. So far its chief practical use has been in the destructive work of war. In other ways it has hardly entered into the life of the average man at all. As to the movies, the Drifter falls asleep when the comic reel is over and the *pièce de résistance,* or "fillum drammer," begins; so he is not in a position to write with authority or enthusiasm. Of the spit ball he has more adequate knowledge, but the kind he has in mind is not that known to baseball pitchers but the humble sphere welded in the mouth out of a scrap of paper, which he used as a schoolboy to throw at a comrade when the teacher's back was turned.

* * * * *

NOW as to wireless communication and the vacuum cleaner. The claim of the latter certainly cannot be successfully attacked. The vacuum cleaner marks the one advance in that odd ritual known as housekeeping since Eve formed the first cooperative association to exploit sunkissed apples as a table fruit. Otherwise the ceremony has grown more complicated and more absurd with every generation. Moreover, the vacuum cleaner, like woman herself, is not content with a place in the home. Only the other day the Drifter noticed a proposal to use the vacuum cleaner on city streets. Although about two thousand years late, the proposal is welcome. The Drifter recalls the days—not so long since—when city streets were generally swept with horse-drawn revolving brooms. Frequently even the formality of sprinkling the dust with a few drops of water was omitted. The job was invariably done in the late hours of the night when guileless citizens who had opened their windows to drink in fresh air during their sleep got the full benefit of the inevitable dust cloud. With the increasing use of water in street cleaning, the quantity of dust that is transferred from the pavements to the air has probably been reduced, but the quality has not been bettered.

* * * * *

MOST important of all, the use of the vacuum cleaner in the streets will end the career of that most noisome of creatures: the man who—frequently in obedience to an absurd city ordinance—sweeps his sidewalk as you are passing in the morning, doing it with a *dry broom.* Whenever the Drifter sees a man engaged in this barbaric and unsanitary rite he has a desire to walk up and cuff him smartly on the ear. He generally refrains because he feels that his action might be misunderstood, but he herewith announces that whenever his friends stuff the ballot boxes sufficiently to elect him King of the United Kingdom of New York City and America he will get down to his office on the first day of his administration at 9 a. m. (never again probably) and at 9.05 he will promulgate an edict as follows:

1. Any person convicted for the first time of sweeping a sidewalk with a dry broom shall be hanged without benefit of clergy.

2. Any person convicted for the second time of such an offense shall be hanged *with* benefit of clergy.

3. Any person convicted for the third time shall be sentenced to read the complete writings of Nicholas Murray Butler.

* * * * *

SO much for the vacuum cleaner. Wireless communication remains to be considered, but the Drifter has used up both his space and his time. No matter. Marconi will nevertheless have the last word. For wireless waves are already enslaving space and their use promises to outlast time.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Codification of International Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One easy way to escape the effort of facing a great issue, such as the disarmament of our nation, is to draw off the interest about it, to some side issue. For example, just now distinguished voices are calling for a grand commission to codify international law. How much international law is there, I wonder, important enough to codify, except the barren and desolate field of international war, where notoriously the law is set aside at the one time when you would like to use it? Good law grows by being tried out and found to be beneficent. Is there not real danger that the lawyers, seeking to codify international law, in the present chaotic development of their subject, would crystallize a lot of stuff that never ought to be law? Is the world, whose greatest "Christian nation" is engaged in such enterprises as those which the United States is carrying on in the West Indies and the states south of us—using its army and navy to further the business interests of a small but powerful class of its people at the cost and risk of all the others—civilized enough to permit these and other familiar imperialistic practices of the great Powers, of which we are now one, to be translated into the customary "law of nations"? It seems to me that the law for the world ought for a good while yet to be left

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a very flexible and experimental state, so as to avoid doing what the politicians and bankers seem at present to be chiefly interested to do, namely, to devise plans, backed by the menace of force, whereby they can comfortably saddle loans upon poorer nations, and hale them to court on occasion, and establish protectorates over them, and obtain "concessions" of their natural resources, and all the time maintain an actual army under the guise of a "police force."

The lawyers are as good as any of us, but up to date, like their brethren of other professions, they are largely the curators of ancient institutions and temples, including the cemeteries and mausoleums. Grant that the temples deserve to be kept up; there are too many officials on the job. Most lawyers, moreover, depend for their living upon the care and defense of property rights and very few of them have ever opened their eyes to the vastly greater, and indeed more promising, interests of all mankind—of persons rather than things. The old and discredited bi-party system works to land altogether too large a proportion of them in legislatures and in Congress. They thus practically rule the rest of us with their traditions of the "dead hand." If ever they can change their bias and come to respect and love the people, as Lincoln did, if there should come over the world a revival of the religion of humanity, lawyers would make excellent leaders to help in organizing a veritable commonwealth of mankind, but at present let us "go slow" in manufacturing or codifying laws, or in constructing any more governments, until we have entirely gone out of the business of making war, and have thus reduced our Presidents and their retainers—the Cabinet ministers and others—from their exaggerated heroic size, as carrying swords and holding up the scales of justice to threaten the nations withal, to their really noble office as servants of the people and lovers of all men.

Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, June 16 CHARLES F. DOLE

Mexico and the Bankers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your efforts on behalf of justice for the states of the Caribbean have given *The Nation* a position of authority throughout Latin America. Because of the consequent importance which is attached there to your editorial comment, I regret your interpretation in the issue of June 28 of the recent Mexican financial settlement.

Your heading, Wall Street and Mexico, indicates the dominant tone of the article, which seems to me seriously unfair to the bankers and even more unfair to Mexico. In your opening paragraph you write: "Mexico has received Wall Street's permission to carry on. . . . The bankers have yielded almost nothing." The first of these statements is gratuitous and misleading. The second is inaccurate, as your own summary of the terms of the settlement in the second paragraph of your article shows.

In the analysis of the return of the Mexican railways to private management your pessimism is unrestrained, as you catalogue the dire "possibilities" of this "perhaps most dangerous feature of the entire agreement." Of course, it is "not impossible" that this "will lead to an industrial struggle," nor is it "impossible" that this "might mean another revolution," but you give no proof whatsoever that these evils are probabilities. On the contrary, Secretary de la Huerta, whose close relationship to Mexican organized labor is everywhere recognized, would certainly not have put his signature to this agreement, if he had felt there was any real chance of its eventuating in disasters so dire as those you picture.

You explain the non-fulfilment of last year's tentative agreement, between the Mexican Government and the American oil interests, that the latter pay their taxes in Mexican government bonds, to be purchased at the then depressed market price and to be credited at par, very simply: "the agreement was too satisfactory for Mexico; the bankers would not permit it." This explanation ignores the two basic facts in the situation: (1) That the Mexican securities at the then current prices were not to be had in anything like the quantities necessary; (2) that for the bankers to have assented to this program would have been on their part a betrayal of the bondholders, whose interests they were pledged to protect, a betrayal because the very revenues legally allocated to pay interest charges on the bonds would thus have been diverted to the purpose of purchasing these securities at 40 to 50, a depreciation due solely to non-interest payments. The International Committee of Bankers refused to underwrite this proposal to attempt the liquidation of the outstanding Mexican bonds at a depreciated price of 50 per cent or less, because it was impossible and because it would have been immoral—not at all because it was "too favorable to Mexico."

You are right, unfortunately, when you warn the Mexican people against the hope that "recognition will follow automatically upon settlement with the bankers and with the oil men." None the less, the financial settlement approved by President Obregon will do much to convince public opinion here of the unsoundness of Mr. Hughes's position. It is all the more surprising, therefore, to find *The Nation* attacking so bitterly an agreement which is highly creditable to all concerned. Mr. de la Huerta, with unfailing tact but inflexible firmness, insisted upon terms within Mexico's capacity to fulfil. Mr. Lamont and his associates, taking cognizance of the financial and political difficulties of the Mexican Government after ten years of revolution and careful to respect Mexican sensibilities, rightly insisted upon a settlement which the bondholders may reasonably be expected to accept. The result, as the Mexican representative himself described it, is "an amicable agreement on both sides and a victory for neither."

But *The Nation* does not agree. More Mexican than the Mexicans, forgetting the enormous difficulties of the problem, denying the great advantages to accrue to Mexico through the reestablishment of its foreign credit and minimizing the concessions asked of the bondholders, your sharp criticism will not carry conviction here. In Mexico your words will either be resented as humiliating or be used against the ratification of the agreement—the defeat of which even *The Nation* does not urge.

New York City, June 28 JAMES G. MCDONALD,
Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Policy Association

[Mr. McDonald is an optimist when reading the agreement with the bankers, a pessimist when reading *The Nation*. We fear he reads too much "amicable agreement" into a settlement which in the nature of things was unsatisfactory to both parties; and too much antagonism into *The Nation's* comment. As we said last week, the terms are, financially, good terms, but they are very far from settling Mexico's difficulties with the bankers, and we do not believe that to greet them with uncritical praise is the part of friendship for Mexico. The vague terms relating to the railways are particularly dangerous. As to the action of the bankers, vetoing the agreement with the oil men to pay the export tax in the depreciated bonds, we think that Mr. McDonald's account bears out our statement of fact. Given the prevailing standards of the stock and bond market we cannot see why sudden concern for morality should have prompted the bankers to hinder the oil men from trying to buy bonds in the open market wherewith to pay their taxes.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS is a student of international affairs.

G. R. ELLIOTT is professor of English at Bowdoin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anti-Semitism and the Colleges

Not Anti-Semitic, But—

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Against a prejudice or deep-rooted antipathy even the gods are helpless, as they are against stupidity. It would be idle to discuss anti-Semitism apropos of the race issue that has been raised in some of our universities and colleges. But it is not idle to call attention to the peculiar and paradoxical position being taken by some of the liberals and progressives of the country on this question.

President Lowell of Harvard is sincere, no doubt, in his declared anxiety to combat the anti-Semitic movement which he finds so deplorable but which he says must be faced in the right way. And what does he suggest? Limitation of the percentage of Jews admitted to any college or university! Now, what, one wonders, would he suggest were he anti-Semitic himself? Total exclusion or segregation? Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the British tory-radical, in his book on the Jews, advocates a reversion to the segregation policy—but, mark, as a friend of the Jews, not as a vulgar anti-Semite. If he were anti-Semitic, he would have to advocate expulsion or something equally effective.

My friend, the New York publicist, Mr. John Palmer Gavit, a sincere liberal and humanitarian, has also been hinting at limitation as a means of "combating" anti-Semitic college sentiment. He wishes to be entirely fair and reasonable, and limitation appears to him to answer every just and rational test.

When Plehve adopted the limitation policy, he did not pretend that he was liberal, progressive, or unprejudiced. If Plehve's Russian policy is now to be adopted in the United States, with the approval of liberals, elementary decency requires elaborate apologies to Plehve by all those Americans who denounced him. A worthy exemplar and leader for America, truly!

Is it too much to ask that some university or college shall say something like this to the anti-Semites:

"In America we refuse to defer to racial prejudices. We treat each individual as an individual and judge him by his moral and intellectual qualities. We do not care whether 5, 20, 40, or 70 per cent of students in this institution are Jews, or Anglo-Saxons, or Latins. We cannot pander to irrational and deplorable antipathies. The way to combat them is to ignore them—and ignore them with courage and frankness. If any Christians or Gentiles do not care to associate themselves with Jews, and just because they are Jews, they are quite free to go to some other college. We do not propose to violate our principles and surrender to bigotry and prejudice while protesting impartiality, toleration, and genuine Americanism. The way to fight prejudice is to fight it, and to ignore it is to ignore it."

Seriously, would any college of repute and prestige lose many desirable students if it should consistently and manfully adopt this attitude? I doubt it. At all events, why not try the experiment? Or is Americanism a hollow sham, and must we make the country safe for all the vices and hatreds that make reconstruction so difficult in Europe?

Hull-House, Chicago, June 22 Victor S. Yarros

They Do It Better at Chicago

[In reply to a request for unofficial information regarding the status of the Jew at various colleges, the editors of *The Nation* received, some time ago, the following reply from the former dean of the junior colleges of the University of Chicago.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to reassure you in regard to the status of Jews in the University of Chicago. They are received without question and get the best of everything that the university has to offer: pecuniary aid, degrees with distinction, honorary appointments, etc. Of course the fraternities maintain a senseless prejudice against them, but the Jews have organized fraternities of their own. So far as I know there has been no census of the Jews; because they have been accepted as part of the student body without question of race. If the administration is alarmed I have not heard of it. Certainly I have heard of no plan for reducing their number or proportion.

Chicago, Illinois, April 11 Robert M. Lovett

Are Sectarian Universities Inevitable?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was amazed to read in *The Nation* of June 14 of the discrimination practiced against Jews in the universities of this so-called free country. I refer to the article entitled May Jews Go to College? Your summing up is in line with all your comments, when it comes to a question of fairness or consistency. We cannot indeed afford to class this country with the most backward of Europe.

If we exclude the Jews to any extent, there are enough of their race possessing wealth and culture to start universities of their own. Without question they would surpass all others, since the faculties, being drawn from their own blood, would represent the highest intelligence and character. Many of our most brilliant scholars and scientists are Jewish, and in every field they have gone far. I, for one, though a Gentile, would prefer placing my children under a Jacques Loeb or a Morris Jastrow, rather than wasting their time with the mediocre brains met with in the majority of faculties.

What a place of learning the world might have!

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, June 22 Fay H. Babbe

[The starting of Jewish universities would be one of the most tragic consequences of discrimination by the colleges. We already have one race in our midst that has been driven to such a course. A further extension of segregation would mean nothing less than the destruction of the American ideal.—Editor The Nation.]

Check the Formation of Ghettoes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May Jews go to college? The open-mindedness apparent in your editorial on the subject has led me to hope that there will be space in your columns for the point of view of an immigrant Jew on the subject—a point of view which is an attempt to face frankly and without the customary hysterics a subject too often treated, if at all, with emotion superseding reason.

In the first place, I see the problem not as a Jewish problem primarily, but as an immigrant problem. In most of the discussions recently appearing in the public press, this distinction has been lost sight of. It is the immigrant, fresh from the persecutions and social crudities of his native land (I speak of the Southern and Eastern European, of course), who offends the American sense of propriety. And, whether or not a university wishes "prestige as a social club," we cannot lose sight of the fact that the four years of a college course impose unavoidable contacts which cannot but be unpleasant if the *mores* of one large group of students are greatly inferior to those of another. Such unpleasantness can easily result in a diminution of the value of the education offered to the newcomer by keeping from him the opportunity of acquiring the customs of his adopted country.

That is why some of us Jews feel that it is for our good, as well as for the good of the universities, that some steps be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken to check the formation of Ghettoes within the larger Eastern universities. To the method in use at present, however, amounting virtually to a denial of higher education to an increasingly large proportion of Jewish youths, we take exception. Granted that it is best for all concerned that the percentage of aliens in Columbia (let us say) should be 20 or less, what provision should be made for the overflow?

The ideal arrangement would be one under which the immigrants would be divided among the various colleges and universities in such a manner as to provide for the most rapid assimilation of social culture. How to do it constitutes a problem which is not easy, but likewise not insoluble. Some such intercollegiate body as the College Entrance Examination Board, with broad powers of distribution intelligently wielded, would seem to be indicated. Preference should be given in the New York City colleges to those (quite the opposite of the favored ones under Columbia's present policy) who are financially unable to attend an out-of-town institution. A foundation for scholarships would also help.

In some such way as this the Jewish immigrant, as well as those of other races, desirous and worthy of a higher education, could obtain it and acquire, at the same time, the American social culture.

Brooklyn, June 14 M. R. M.

At Columbia and N. Y. Universities

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it too late, perhaps, to supply some first-hand information anent your article about anti-Semitism at Columbia and New York University, in view of Chancellor Brown's denial of its existence at the latter institution?

It was two years ago, or possibly three, in the merry month of May, that class elections of the junior year were held. My brother, a Jewish student of irreproachable reputation as well as an athlete of sorts, was elected president of the junior class (the first time in New York University history that a Jew received that honor in the College of Arts and Sciences). With him other Jews were elected to a majority of the class offices. Whether this was good judgment or not, they were of the class and were elected by and for the class.

When the elections were announced the faculty, mind you the faculty, called off the elections, using the pretexts that, first, the officers elected were Bolshevists (a popular epithet at that time); secondly, that there had been ballot-stuffing; and, thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, that the elections were null and void. To add insult to injury, the officers (Jewish) were threatened with expulsion for the offense of being elected.

As an alumnus of some athletic prominence or notoriety, I was requested to interview the Dean (Archibald Banton), and I did. We had a long and startlingly frank talk. The worthy dean (and he really is that, in spite of his dilemma), finally agreed that bolshevism and ballot-stuffing were not the issue—that it was simply a Jewish question—that whereas in my days, about 1907, with a Jewish percentage of students of about 2 to 4, the percentage now "threatened" to be over 50 and would be if not restrained. I am not going to bore you with our conversation, but he concluded that after a lot of deliberation the authorities had decided to add another examination to the list of entrance exams. (viz., "the psychological exam. employed by Columbia"). I am quoting the Dean's exact language. This was intended merely as a means of barring from admission to the college any Jew they thought undesirable and to make sure that the total number admitted would be about 10 or 15 per cent. The general name given to this procedure was "Americanization plan," also a popular term of that day.

As a result of my threat to expose this state of affairs, at a time when the university was making appeals for an endowment fund, the Dean promised that if I would wait until the fall the class elections would be settled to my satisfaction. In the fall, when a good many of the Jewish students in that class left University Heights to enter Medical School, either new elections were held or appointments were made by the faculty, with the result that non-Jews held all the important offices.

At the time I interviewed the only Jewish member of the board of trustees, Mr. Percival Strauss. He had not heard of the new Americanization plan, but agreed that it would be desirable to limit the percentage of incoming Jewish students at the college.

While never bound by any promise I've always considered both interviews confidential, but in view of Chancellor Brown's recent declaration denying anti-Semitic feeling in the university—well, it seems to be a case of not letting your right hand know what your left is doing. I've always had an affectionate regard for the college and the pleasant memories associated with it, but isn't there a Columbia song with a refrain, "Damn the faculty"?

New York, June 11 Joseph Girdansky

An Experience at N. Y. U.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A brother of mine was graduated from Stuyvesant High School and made formal application last year for admission to New York University, to take up the study of medicine. Soon after making the application he was requested to appear before the faculty on admission and went through a so-called psychological test. Among the many questions asked him were how often he attended synagogue, was he very religious, etc. He was not admitted. He is now attending the City College of New York.

New York, June 10 Charles Sheres

The Percentage at C. C. N. Y.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read with great interest the article in last week's *Nation* entitled May Jews Go to College? It is time that these things came to light. We who are immigrants of an older day cannot well look with disdain upon our comrades of today. They are coming from other lands but with the same aspirations.

May I correct one error of fact which appeared in the article? You say that the student body of the College of the City of New York is over 90 per cent Jewish. That is not true. Between 80 and 85 per cent of the students in the day session (2,095) are Jewish. In other divisions of the college the percentage is considerably lower.

New York, June 12 Donald A. Roberts

An Anti-Semitic View

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Jew problem in colleges is the farmer's stock problem: grade cattle or scrub cattle? Too many Jews are dirty, noisy, selfish, arrogant or cringing, below par physically, untidy, and in general damn bad citizens. They will not do what is right even by their own. They oppress, cheat, lie, exploit, and will destroy anything to get a profit now. Look over New York city and see for your own purblind self. Some of my best friends are Jews but not of the usual sort. If the Jew can win to our best, it is his and welcome, but he must not degrade and defile that best to his own greasy level of low personal gain. A condition analogous to that of the New York city parks is not a proper goal for our colleges. Christ was a Jew and told a lot of the truth about them. Read it.

New York, June 9 W. L. Whittlesey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Roving Critic

Observations

NO wonder character is valued so much more highly than intelligence by the world at large. There are at least a thousand times as many persons with a large share of virtues as there are persons with a large share of brains. Take an army for illustration. It is sure to contain regiments of men who can be counted on to have enough character to be heroes: that is, to obey orders with fidelity, to behave worthily in difficult circumstances, and to sacrifice themselves for the principles which lead them into battle. Yet the same army, so rich in character, will be lucky to have one general with sense enough to keep from wasting its riches. The human race probably has all the character it needs, but it lacks the brains to make use of it. It even lacks the brains to see what it really needs. So the majority vote goes to character and intelligence is kept in the opposition.

I SHOULD like to see a competent, honest study of that part of the vernacular which every schoolboy knows but of which among women only the naughty ones have much more than an inkling. Boast as they may, the other women, however emancipated, are at a disadvantage when it comes to such words. They have the words, in some cases, but they do not have the tune. Those salty monosyllables (in English), so many of them with but four letters, are crusted with centuries of furtive use by men and for men. They resound, in their way, through the ages. Each of them has, besides its proper meaning, a dozen, a hundred shades and applications; and every schoolboy knows them. Each of them, to be used accurately, must be spoken now with this and now with that intonation; and every schoolboy knows all the intonations. Each of them is the center of a legend which reaches back, no doubt, to the whispered talk of Cain and Abel. Certain dictionaries of slang define them, with exuberance of synonym, but they have not, so far as I know, been carefully examined by a philologist who could point out their use and history as a part of the *mores* of the human tribe.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN'S theory about the instinct of workmanship has always seemed to me the most interesting thing in economic science. A neighbor of mine in the country, whom I recently asked to look after my garden while I should be away, was willing to accept the task only on one condition, though I am sure he never heard of either Veblen or economic science. He said he would do it "if he could keep the garden nice"—meaning, that is, if he could be paid for time in which to make a sightly garden as well as a productive one. "I can't bear," he told me, "to do a rough job of gardening." Yet he is a poor man and needs the money.

IF any of the heresy-hunters were as alert and as incessant as those folly-hunters H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan we might have less heresy in this country—though indeed there is possibly not much decline in folly either. Read through the revised edition of "An American Credo" and a few instalments of the Répétition Générale in the *Smart Set* and you must marvel at the incredible vigilance of the pair, who keep their eyes open for folly, no matter where it wings its way, and their fingers on the critical trigger as hardly another American has ever done. Nor do they merely see and shoot; they are pretty sure to bring down their game; in fact, they now and then look like pot-hunters before their Lord Momus. I do not share all their doctrines by any means, but I continually rejoice in their observation, their energy, their abundance of racy images, and their knack at proverbs popular or unpopular. They seem to me a great deal more amusing than Stephen Leacock and a great deal more stimulating than Gilbert K. Chesterton.

CARL VAN DOREN

Books

Philology at Its Best

Language: Its Nature, Development, and Origin. By Otto Jespersen. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

"WHY it is," remarks Mrs. Alice Meynell in a recently published essay, "that some, at least, of the civilized peoples, in the inevitable evolution of things, should tend to become poor, careless, and inexact grammarians it is hard to understand. The fact is, needless to say, well enough known. Some of the French missionaries, students of American Indian languages, have astonished us with reports of the enormous vocabularies and the scientific order of those tongues. The people are in the nomadic stage of society, their languages in the finished, the special, the subdivided condition; intricate in system, organic, arranged, logical, full of expressive differences, cases that precisely assign action, and tenses that deal firmly with time, turning the future to look upon the past, and anticipating that turn, and making a shifting perspective of the past; distinguishing persons not merely by pointing the rude forefinger of a pronoun, but by the allusion of all the inflexions of a verb. All that the antique grammarians did, and more, is done, we hear, by those doomed languages of an unaltering people, a people with neither literature nor history, a people whose antiquities have no interest nor value, nor date, because their centuries resembled each other."

This is the romantic conception of the pristine power of human speech and its corruption by the uses of civilization. The incongruity implied between the intellectual sluggishness of the barbarian and his remarkable control over the resources of expression appears to occasion only a passing mental discomfort to the speculator. There were more plausible grounds for the superiority once assigned by philologists to the highly inflected classical tongues in comparison with their grammatically simpler modern offshoots. In carrying their arguments to a logical conclusion, however, Mrs. Meynell is unconsciously doing a service to the scholar who has been most prominent in giving a diametrically opposite interpretation to the facts of linguistic history. It is many years since Professor Jespersen first insisted that the general tendency of change in speech was in the direction of progress—that sounds became easier, words shorter, inflections simpler and more regular, constructions more orderly, and language as a whole more flexible and variously expressive. By speaking of the constant use to which language is subjected, one suggests the inevitable attrition that is attendant upon wear. But there is an error in the notion of speech as something ready made in very early times and becoming exhausted through the demands and abuses of succeeding generations. It is much truer to regard it as a human function receiving fresh life and strength from each new speaker, being enhanced by the genius of the individual and the cultural experience of the race, becoming through constant practice an ever keener and more adaptable instrument for the communication of human thought and emotion. In Mr. Jespersen's new book this view, originally propounded by him in "Progress in Language," is emphatically summed up in the formula that "that language ranks highest which goes farthest in the art of accomplishing much with little means, or, in other words, which is able to express the greatest amount of meaning with the simplest mechanism."

It is not in the central thesis as to the beginnings and development of language that the novelty of Mr. Jespersen's book is to be found, but in the fresh arguments and illustrations which he brings up in support of his theory. No living philologist writes in so popular a manner or with a stronger sense for the value of living phenomena. To lead up to his view about the origins of speech he introduces a section on the way in which children acquire power over language, and in order to throw light on the conditions of linguistic change he studies the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way in which a foreign tongue is learned and examines jargons like Beach-la-Mar and Pidgin English. These are chapters which may be read for pure amusement, being brightly set with gems of innocence and insight. One meets here the little girl in whose imagination Solomon's harem undergoes a lovely metamorphosis into "three hundred columbines"; and one admires the vivid aesthetic sense as well as the gift of direct description in the islanders whose name for a piano is "big-bokkis [box]-you-fight-him-he-cry." Cumulatively such details assume significance. But Mr. Jespersen's admiration is reserved for the superior expressiveness of the modern civilized speaker and he makes a special point of his control over symbolic sound. Whereas many philologists nowadays evince a distrustful skepticism concerning the creation of words which by their sound suggest the meaning, Mr. Jespersen not only believes that such words have increased in historic times but interprets the phenomenon as a confirmation of his general theory: "So far from believing in a golden, primitive age, in which everything in language was expressive and immediately intelligible on account of the significative value of each group of sounds, we arrive rather, here as in other domains, at the conception of a slow progressive development toward a greater number of easy and adequate expressions—expressions in which sound and sense are united in a marriage union closer than was ever known to our remote ancestors."

For the rest, the book is a highly competent summary of the chief problems of linguistics. It includes, to begin with, a very useful survey of the history of linguistic science in the course of which are brought to light a number of valuable but neglected contributions, especially in the work of Danish scholars. It reviews the familiar theories and adopts toward them a carefully eclectic position. Mr. Jespersen judiciously refuses to accept any single explanation as accounting for phonetic change and emphasizes the importance of not isolating such changes from the grammatical and semantic conditions which influence the pronunciation of a word. He displays a proper caution toward the concept of "phonetic law," hedging about his use of that term with all the circumspection that it calls for. Toward the science of etymology, too, his attitude is that of a wholesome skepticism, reminding us that we have not traveled as far as we like to imagine from the period in which vowels counted for nothing and consonants for very little, and he recommends to the etymologist of the future "a sense of reality and a resigned acquiescence in inevitable ignorance." What constantly emerges in the discussion is the unsettled state of many of the problems. There are moments when Mr. Jespersen is inclined to do battle with windmills, criticizing theories which had more life thirty years ago than they now preserve, and at times we feel a want for new light and new approaches which remains unsatisfied, but these are to be set down as cravings after perfection in a book that is characterized by such careful scholarship, sound sense, and luminous exposition.

JACOB ZEITLIN

Epic and Idyl of the Simple Life

Nêne. By Ernest Pérochon. George H. Doran Company. $1.75.
Abbé Pierre. By Jay William Hudson. D. Appleton and Company. $2.
The Crystal Coffin. By Maurice Rostand. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

"NENE" is one of those books in which the French have succeeded in giving their peasant life a sort of epic dignity like that which Hardy has given the English rustic, but which no group of contemporary Americans has bestowed upon their own people—perhaps because the literary American is prone to be ashamed of his origins or perhaps because the American scene is too transitory for dignity. Every custom of Bretagne or Gascony is a thing of centuries, and to tell the story of some peasant's joys and sorrows is to tell the story not of a single individual but of generations. Nêne herself, so simple and so strong, becomes a sort of symbol of the deep unchanging goodness of the peasant type. Her story, though told with the minute realism which made the book a suitable recipient of the Goncourt Prize, nevertheless succeeds in making provincialism at its best not mean but noble. The figure of the heroine is very close to the elementary pathos of life, to that dumb suffering of the animal which is doubly pathetic because it is inarticulate and uncomprehending.

Yet Ernest Pérochon is too thoroughly a naturalist to write a story which should be wholly epic or idyl. His tale has a simple nobility not because it is idealized but because that nobility is inherent in the life described. Though he is fully cognizant of the rich dignity of life so fixed and so close to fundamental needs as to seem almost a part of nature itself, yet he is cognizant also of the darker side—the unceasing drudgery of the simple life and the presence of evil in the most idyllic surroundings. Even Nêne is too much a part of the unending tasks for full and effectual flowering and so identified with the simple machinery of existence as to seem almost as much a part of it as a tree or an ox at the plow, though she has the many ways of suffering which they so fortunately lack. All the rich capacity for love wakened in her by her care for the motherless children to whom she devotes her youth is balked and wasted by the limitations of her life and the vulgarity of the people about her. In the hands of a naturalist like Pérochon the epic strain in peasant life is confused and disturbed by the meanness of actuality, and men, peasants as well as others, are always failing to live up to the ideal outlines of their type. Thus the vulgar infatuation of Corbier for the little dressmaker of the neighboring village is pathetically out of key with the nobility of his former life and of his surroundings—unworthy of the epic of plowing and reaping the fields which have supported generation after generation. Yet it is just in the description of this inharmony, this failure of life actually to attain the nobility which it suggests, that naturalism is at its best. The essence of Nêne's tragedy is that she alone of all the people with whom she comes in contact is worthy of the epic for which the pastoral surroundings and the traditions of their life seem to call.

Mr. Hudson is frankly idyllic, but skilful enough to make a one-sided picture seem real. Presumably he is American or English but he writes a good deal like a Frenchman and he has succeeded admirably in reproducing the sun-soaked charm of Gascony. There is no plot to speak of, only the observations, now naive and now learned, of the old priest, but in the Abbé Mr. Hudson has succeeded in creating a real character and one who in spite of all his blamelessness and orthodoxy is no unfit companion for the great Coignard. As one watches through his tolerant and meditative eyes the quiet and colorful life of the village one realizes the richness which the reflective life can give. His renunciation of the world is what one may venture to call the Catholic rather than the Protestant renunciation—not so much a renunciation of the flesh as an acceptance of the spirit. The desires of the body have not been fiercely repressed to sour and fester until they produce the bitter and dog-in-the-manger asceticism of the Puritan. They have not been feared and hated, but only disdained, and hence comes that philosophical tolerance for those upon the lower rungs of the ladder of love which makes the Abbé so admirable a character. "In those days I thought of mankind as treading a long, long road, a road that has no ending, urged on by the divine yearning that was never meant to cease, yet which often wearies of its search, or is deluded by the seductive cheer of the resting places along the way. . . . Such a resting place is Art, where the poets and painters and sculptors and musicians tarry, to find their love fulfilled forevermore. . . . And such a resting place is Woman. . . . Yes, some men stop at one of these places on the soul's long highway, and some at another, such as Wealth, or Fame; but most at the place where Woman waits and Romance sings."

Beside these two books so full of a sense of the richness of all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life the querulousness of the voluptuary hero of "The Crystal Coffin" shows up but ill. The name of Maurice Rostand has been bandied about the *cafés concerts* of Paris coupled with an exuberance of ribald suggestion such as only the Latins can thoroughly enjoy, and in this book he has been careful to leave no doubt that he is the hero, revealing himself as a young man with enough aesthetic sensibility to be a pensive and perverse voluptuary and to write a book full of not ineffective rhetoric upon conventional themes. He abandons himself to an ecstasy of nihilistic pessimism, again and again forming his lips caressingly around all the variations of *vanitas vanitatum* and reveling in despair. But he is too much of a spoiled child to be very interesting. One does not have to be an ascetic to find the Abbé more significant.

J. W. KRUTCH

An Australian Critic

Three Studies in Shelley and an Essay on Nature in Wordsworth and Meredith. By Archibald T. Strong. Oxford University Press. $4.75.

WESTWARD the empire of the English poets extends its sway until now it has encircled the globe and they have found an antipodean interpreter of no little note. Shelley, like his kindred spirit Ariel, has been the quickest to fly around the earth, and it is to him that Mr. Strong devotes most of his thought. Like most other commentators on the revolutionary poet, he begins by pointing out the contradictions in his nature, the diverse elements that made some contemporaries call him an incarnate devil and that made Matthew Arnold dub him "a beautiful and ineffectual angel." Particularly in inquiring what was Shelley's faith, the student is met by diametrically opposite opinions in the critics, based on irreconcilable utterances of the poet himself. Browning said that had he lived Shelley would have ranged himself among the Christians; but the bard himself deplored that he had not more influence with Lord Byron in order to "eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity." At college he wrote his friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg that "a God exists" and "O that this Deity were the soul of the universe, the spirit of imperishable love!" But three months after he had cast these pearls before Hogg, he collaborated with him in producing "The Necessity of Atheism." He hated historical Christianity and the accretions of intolerance and dogma in the church, but he paid warm tributes to Christ, and even to Luther. He believed in a future state, and he sang highly of "Necessity, the mother of the world, Spirit of Nature, all-sufficing power," but at the same time contended "that no man who had reflected could be a materialist long." How did he know, one is tempted to ask in bewilderment, when blown by so many winds of doctrine let loose at once by this modern Aeolus?

In the light of the recently published "Philosophical View of Reform," more might have been done with Shelley's political faith than is done by Mr. Strong. That Shelley called himself a democrat, and was a revolutionary, is a commonplace. His ideal of social equality is expressed in the "Revolt of Islam":

> "but soon I looked,
> And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
> One with the other, even as spirits do,
> None favored, none trampled. . . .
> And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind,
> As the free heaven which reigns fresh light and dew
> On the wide earth. . . .
> Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
> Looking emotions once they feared to feel."

If Mr. Strong points out as the main source of this passage Godwin's "Political Justice," iv. 6, might not one add Shakespeare's "Tempest," ii. 1?

The essay on Shelley's symbolism points out the frequent use by him of such words as "the veil," "the river," "poison," and "scorpion," and the meaning of them, all reducible to the idea that man's life had been somehow cheated of its high destiny, to which it needed but proper guidance to return. A third essay, on The Sinister in Shelley, points out the constitutional untruthfulness of the poet, reaching the point of mental unsoundness, and his growing obsession with the morbid, particularly with "the charnel," "the worm," "the corpse," and all that ravenous taste for the *haut gout* of passion perverted to objects in decomposition. In all this Shelley foreshadowed and influenced Poe and his French disciple of whom it has been said that, when matter decays, we have first rancidity, then rottenness, then putrefaction, then deliquescence, and then Baudelaire.

A final study, the most valuable in the book, deals with the concept of Nature in Wordsworth and Meredith. Meredith was the poet of evolution—did he not write a poem on the cosmic process and end it with the line: "This, lady, is my sonnet to your eyes"? The lesson he had learned from Darwin and Huxley was that man must put himself in harmony with nature, must accept and serve, must live according to Earth's teaching, following and not thwarting her. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was the poet of philosophy, the brother of the German metaphysicians. His subjective idealism points to Fichte, his apotheosis of the categorical imperative, in the "Ode to Duty," points to Kant. He not only loved nature—the cataract like a passion, the mountains and woods like an appetite—but he soon came to see in natural objects, as did Goethe, symbols of scarce utterable things, a vision beautiful of transcendental import. Nothing is more unjust than Shelley's characterization of him as

> "a kind of moral eunuch,
> Who touched the hem of Nature's shift,
> Felt faint—and never dared uplift
> The closest, all-concealing tunic."

Rather, if anything, he idealized nature, or sentimentalized it, à la Rousseau, contrasting its innocence and peace with man's sin and misery.

PRESERVED SMITH

War Transmutation

From Private to Field Marshal. By Sir William Robertson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

D. A. Thomas, Viscount Rhondda. By his Daughter and Others. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

HOW much is a man made by opportunity? What is his proportion in the compound of himself and the circumstances in which he lives? What would persons now so eminent as Lord Rhondda or Sir William Robertson have done and been had there been no Great War, no special set of forcing-circumstances, which made and marred so indiscriminately? Sir William's account of his own career shows him the same person from the time he joined the British army as a private of seventeen to the time when he differed with the Prime Minister on the nature of the united command. From the point of view of a career, it is a remarkable story. That a private in the British army should rise to the highest ranks was before the war almost without precedent. The story of Robertson's struggles, his inability, owing to lack of means, to accept the coveted commission when it at last was offered, his brave acceptance of the inevitable, and then the effort implied in being the oldest lieutenant in the army—though he was before long to be the youngest colonel—all these show the gritty character, which acknowledged no obstacles and which, under pain of dismissal, held its own to the last. The book is a masterpiece of simple, unegotistical writing. It has none of the faults of the average autobiography and it shows Sir William not only as a distinguished soldier but as an exceedingly able writer who can take a long view of that most difficult of all subjects—himself. As far as he was concerned, the war put the coping-stone to his career. It was the natural climax. And so his book reads—well, like a book. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

narrow lines between which the soldier inevitably has his being has induced the concentrated and clear-cut view which has made a remarkable autobiography.

The life of Lord Rhondda, on the other hand, shows him as a man publicly made by the war. That he was a great coal owner, that he reorganized the Welsh coal-trade, that he was a member of Parliament brought him no enduring fame. It must have been a constant surprise to a man of his intelligence and his genius for success in other directions, that, publicly, he made so little impression. D. A. Thomas did not start as the conventional "poor boy." He was already well endowed with this world's goods, but his career was singularly like that of the self-made man. He was, too, as shown in his biography, of the stuff of which self-made men are made. His opportunity —his public opportunity—only came with the war. Nor was it his effort in organizing the supply of munitions in North America which brought him fame. It was his unparalleled success as Food Controller which made his name a household word. How great was this success can only be judged by those who experienced all the tiresome restrictions, all the daily interference with ordinary private life, which Food Control implied, yet who applauded him. Lord Rhondda had the knack of letting the public help him out, and his office, from being the most unpopular of all the war restrictions, became the most popular. A capitalist of the first water, he yet grasped the great principle of equality in living and dying. More people were well fed under his regime than had ever been the case in peace time, and just as the great necessity for food communism was recognized so the galling restrictions accompanying it were also recognized. Without the war a great administrator would have remained undiscovered. MURIEL HARRIS

Drama

Speaking of the Theater

THE PROFESSOR: I've been reading Granville Barker's "The Exemplary Theater" with a good deal of satisfaction.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: I've read it, too. But I don't think it's important.

THE PROFESSOR: If you'll let me be frank I think I can account for your dislike of it. Barker pleads for the theater as fundamentally an educational force and a form of social service.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: Exactly.

THE PROFESSOR: I don't at all blame you for disliking terms besmirched by every Philistine and cheap reformer. But one can carry that dislike so far as to discredit the true and fine and necessary things which those words denote.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: I don't discredit those things. But I'm sure the theater is not an educational force and if I'm to call it a form of social service it must be according to an interpretation of my own which will please neither Barker nor yourself.

THE PROFESSOR: Then you are content to have the theater considered an amusement?

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: As you like.

THE PROFESSOR: You are holding an idea in reserve. You are not, after all, so largely preoccupied with something that is only an amusement.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: I dislike these fixed terms. They have a way of betraying you to all sorts of people and committing you to all kinds of causes.

THE PROFESSOR: Very well. But there must be some form, if not formula, by which you can communicate your sense of the value which the theater represents.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: It is not so simple. When I was young I was interested in art. Then the theater, except at its rare best, didn't interest me at all. Now I'm interested in life and in art primarily as it interprets and shapes life, and so the theater seems to me very important.

THE PROFESSOR: Why, on account of that shift in your interests, precisely the theater?

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: There are two reasons. The form of the drama is no accidental one. Its struggle, crisis, resolution are of the essence of the life-process itself. It is thus that life proceeds; it is thus that single lives proceed. Therefore the mirror which the drama holds up to nature gives back an image that is closer to the inevitable laws of being than the image of the other arts.

THE PROFESSOR: But that does not apply to the popular theater.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: It applies in a negative sense. The popular playwright must, by an implication that is inescapable in his medium, deal with essentials. He deals with them absurdly. It is easy to shatter his structures. But always the dealing is with essentials. Even assent to the moral order of a silly play is a more tonic exercise for the crowd than mere story interest in cheap fiction. Your very shop-girl, moreover, who does not know what criticism is may look into the reviews of a piece that has moved or amused her and be plunged, upon some terms however crude, into a discussion concerning the world and the will and the true character of human action.

THE PROFESSOR: In brief, the theater's function, in your opinion, is to enlighten people.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: That is a terrible word. Yes, I think the theater does throw light. But I am not concerned, like your professional enlighteners, with the light. I am concerned with the thing lit. So far as I can see the worst thing in the world is the avoidable moral suffering. It can be mitigated by understanding man and human life as they really are. All art can serve that purpose; the theater can serve it more directly, swiftly, intensely.

THE PROFESSOR: I am amused to find you so much of a moralist after all.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: We are all concerned with conduct. It only depends how or with what intention. I don't want to lay down laws. I want people helped to discover those laws of their own being in the light of which they can live without cruelty or tyranny or rancor.

THE PROFESSOR: I think that I follow you. But did you not have a second reason?

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: I have already stated it. The drama not only deals with the life-process upon its own terms, but does so with unexampled intensity. The theater is the instrument by which that intensity is achieved. No artistic experience, that is no vicarious and interpretative experience of life, can cleave so deep as a theatric one. In those two hours of overwhelmingly profound absorption in something beyond the *ego*, cruelty may melt into compassion, tyranny into tolerance, blindness into vision.

THE PROFESSOR: Does it happen often?

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: Does anything desirable or of good report happen often? It does happen; it can happen. Yes, I have heard quite simple people discuss plays and admit naively that they gained a clearer idea of life from them and were able to act more tolerantly and less muddily and angrily as a result.

THE PROFESSOR: But isn't that both education and social service?

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: It has, at all events, nothing to do with either information or uplift. For what it comes to ultimately is this: the drama communicates a sense of the necessarily tragic character of human life, of its necessary and inevitable defeat upon any but spiritual terms, of the fact that its single spiritual victory consists in compassion, in understanding, in abstention from force, from moral fraud, from judgment and the execution of judgment.

THE PROFESSOR: In short, you like the theater because, in the long run, you think it will make your views of life prevail?

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: I do. And I am yet to see a really grown-up person who likes anything very deeply for any other reason. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

The Land for the People

THE *Diario Oficial* of Mexico printed on April 12 the following decree expropriating the undeveloped lands of the largest landowner in the country. The decree was signed on March 29 at the National Palace by President Obregon and the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

DECISION declaring the acquisition as public utility of the land which constitutes the country estates recorded as the property of Señor Louis Terrazas in the public register of the state of Chihuahua.

The citizen President of the Republic, in exercise of the powers granted him by the general constitution of the country, has considered it advisable to issue the following resolution:

WHEREAS, Señor Don Luis Terrazas now possesses more land than any person in the republic, since his estates cover more than two million and a half hectares in the state of Chihuahua;

WHEREAS, A large part of this property is at present uncultivated and abandoned, and its owner is making no effort to make it productive;

WHEREAS, It is the policy of the Federal Government to procure by all legal means the subdivision of the estates which do not constitute a source of production, owing to the fact that the efforts of a single person or owner are insufficient to accomplish a reasonable agricultural development;

WHEREAS, This Federal Government intends that the provisions contained in Article 27 of the constitution which governs us shall be carried out; and therefore, although that article in the paragraph relative to the declaration of public utility prescribes that this shall be done by the administrative authorities in accordance with the corresponding laws, that constitution in its supplementary Article 2 declares that while these laws are being made, the bases established by the constitution regarding the agrarian problem shall be put into effect immediately throughout the country; and, moreover, since Article 27 in its third paragraph declares that "the acquisition of the private property necessary to attain the ends above set forth (such as the dividing up of estates for the promotion and development of agriculture) shall be considered as acquisition for public utility,"

Be It Resolved: 1. For the object stated in the last two clauses, the acquisition of the lands which constitute the country estates recorded in the public register of the state of Chihuahua as the property of Señor Luis Terrazas is declared to be for public utility. Consequently, the expropriation of these lands is hereby declared in favor of the federation.

2. From this expropriation shall be excluded all those lands which are now being cultivated by Señor Terrazas himself.

3. The above exception shall not apply to those lands which are rented out or shared, because it is the policy of the Government to help the tenants to acquire parcels of land which are being cultivated in this manner.

4. The tenants on this estate shall not be disturbed but may continue to hold their respective lots, so that when the opportunity offers itself they may legally hold title to them, in accordance with the bases established by this Government.

5. The owner of the above-mentioned estates shall be paid an indemnity on the basis of the valuation which is registered in the land-tax office, plus 10 per cent, in accordance with the relative constitutional provisions.

6. This decision with its antecedents shall be sent to the citizen Attorney General of the republic, so that he may at once carry out its provisions in accordance with Article 27 of the constitution and other related laws.

(Signed) A. OBREGON, President of the Republic
F. DOSAL, Subsecretary of Agriculture

National Palace (House), Mexico, March 29, 1922

On April 5 the *Heraldo de Mexico* printed a note of comment on the decree and the use to which it would be put.

Yesterday noon General Ignacio Enriquez, governor of the state of Chihuahua, had an important conference with the President of the republic concerning the expropriation of the lands of Don Luis Terrazas, the richest landholder in Mexico. . . . The President asked General Enriquez to do all he could to bring about the most equitable distribution of the lands in question, and to see that they were rapidly and profitably colonized. He said he wanted a large part of these lands to be turned over to the many Mexican families who, in Denver and other parts of the United States, are now suffering from hunger and every other privation owing to the scarcity of work in the United States.

The plight of Mexican laborers in the United States has received much attention in Mexico during the last few months. Further documents on this subject are printed in the following pages of this issue.

Mexican Rights in the United States

FOR months the Mexican press has been filled with stories of the hardships and humiliations suffered by Mexicans in the United States. These stories seldom find their way into American newspapers. The *Heraldo de Mexico* of March 20 gave an account of the situation of some of these men who are stranded, without work or money, in various Western towns. In part it says:

Mexican workers are returning to this country from the United States in a truly pitiful condition, due to the fact that the unemployment situation in the United States is growing continually worse, and added to that the fact that the Mexicans who left Mexico under contract for certain occupations are generally made fun of, and the contracts are not carried out by the employers, who have abandoned them to their own resources.

The immigration inspectors in several frontier towns, notably Juarez City and Nuevo Laredo, have informed the Government that there are in those places more than two hundred Mexican workers in a pitiable condition. They have appeared before the authorities cold and hungry, asking for protection and financial aid to return to their homes in Mexico. The Government has sent out orders for them to be given free passage home immediately, authorizing moreover any expenditure which may be necessary to keep them fed while they are in the frontier cities waiting to make the journey.

The Secretary for Foreign Affairs has been receiving word from the Mexican consuls in the southern part of the United States that, in accordance with their authority, they have been negotiating with the American agricultural companies for the payment of the repatriation expenses of the Mexican workers, as provided in the contracts which were drawn up when the Mexicans entered their service.

The translations which follow are taken from various recent issues of the *Heraldo de Mexico.*

To the already long list of Mexicans assaulted and killed by Americans we must add today the name of Miguel A. Delgado, who was beaten by several persons in Pearsall, Texas, on March 15. It is thoroughly irritating that while in our country American citizens enjoy ample guaranties and when anything happens to them it is settled by the United States consuls, in that country, on the other hand, Mexicans are still being killed without any effort on the part of the American authorities to punish the murderers; we say this because up to the present

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there has not been a single case of an American being electrocuted for having killed a Mexican, however brutally and basely he may have committed his crime. To go on with the story, we give the statements of our consul in the town of Pearsall, Texas:

"Miguel A. Delgado, secretary of the Mexican Honorific Commission of Pearsall, Texas, appeared before our consul general in Laredo, Texas, on March 15, and complained that he had been the victim of a brutal assault in Pearsall by the United States citizen Ignacio Fuentes, who was accompanied by other persons when he struck him.

"The motive of this attack—which took place in the presence of the local authorities—was a debt of $15 which Delgado owed Fuentes, who, instead of resorting to due legal methods for obtaining payment, struck him brutally and was allowed complete liberty by the authorities after the occurrence.

"Since Delgado knew well that during the many crimes, assaults, and abuses which had been committed against our nationals, the Pearsall authorities had never condescended to have justice done, he turned directly to our consul general in Laredo, who, after having procured for him the medical attention which he required as a result of his blows, gave him a letter to the county authorities under whose jurisdiction the town of Pearsall belonged, and immediately informed the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs and our Ambassador at Washington of this flagrant violation of the guaranties to which our citizens are entitled in foreign countries.

"The Secretary of Foreign Affairs as soon as he heard of the affair instructed our Embassy at Washington to take energetic steps to put the matter before the United States Department of State, calling for the due punishment of Delgado's assailant, and declaring that the Mexican Government viewed with profound regret the attacks to which our nationals in the State of Texas are being subjected, not to mention those in other parts of the country, in spite of the steps that are continually being taken in their behalf by the Mexican Embassy and consular offices in the United States, and which are still going on, without justice being done, and without the protection being granted to our nationals to which they are entitled in a foreign country."

Murders of Mexicans by Americans in Texas

Manuel Zapata

On January 16, 1922, in Pearsall, Texas, the United States citizen Frank A. Rhodes, under the influence of liquor, entered the house of Manuel Zapata and attempted to pass the night in Zapata's bed. The latter resisted, telling him to sleep somewhere else. Rhodes then went away, and Zapata went to the chief of police in Pearsall and told him what had happened, begging him to prevent the repetition of such an occurrence. At 2:50 p. m. that same day Rhodes returned to Zapata's house, accompanied by John Gray of the United States police and another person, and tried to find out who had accused him of the above-mentioned crime. As he did not receive a satisfactory answer, he got into his automobile and drove to Comal Street where the old man Manuel Zapata was driving a small cart drawn by two rickety donkeys. Beside the cart was Simon Villanueva, a Mexican boy of eleven years, who had been asked by Zapata to go with him to feed the donkeys.

When Rhodes saw Zapata, he spoke to his companions who left the automobile, and Rhodes drove up to Zapata's cart alone. When he met Zapata he asked him his name, and when Zapata answered him, without another word he fired two shots at the old man, who at once fell down dead in his cart. After Zapata had fallen his assassin shot him through the head again, got into his automobile, and joined his companions, who were waiting for him two blocks away and who accompanied him to the police authorities, where he agreed to a bail of three thousand dollars. He then went around the town, proud of his exploit.

Manuel Zapata had worked for twenty-five years on the property of a lawyer named Dowe, who lived in the same town, and according to Dowe's affidavit Zapata's conduct was always irreproachable. Testimony for this case has also been obtained from various Americans who witnessed the occurrence.

The assassin, Rhodes, killed two other Mexicans a few years ago, namely, Roberto Alamos and Gregorio Escamilla. Both crimes were committed in Encinal, Texas, and Rhodes, far from being a respectable citizen, spends his time by gambling, orgies, and improper diversions.

Manuel Duarte

During the night of January 27, 1922, some Americans appeared on the plantation where Manuel Duarte was working, in Harlingen, Texas, and threatened him, telling him to stop his work and leave the town.

The following day Duarte went with his wife before the justice of the peace, Mr. Chaudoin, and told him of the threats. Mr. Chaudoin told them not to pay any attention to such actions, which were probably just the work of some boys in the town who were under the influence of liquor, and advised them to return to their work and not to worry about it.

On the morning of February 2, when Duarte was going peacefully to feed some of the animals on the plantation where he worked, he was assaulted and shot at by some Americans whom he could not identify.

According to sworn statements from the woman who owned the plantation where Duarte had worked faithfully for nine years, as well as from several neighbors in the locality, those considered responsible for the assault and shooting of Duarte are the following United States citizens: Homer White, Wright, Elijaht, Collinsworth, Raymond, Wright, Rex Young, Jennings Young, Oakes, Fred Parker, Salaton, Clarence Parker, Adely Parker, Reines, Gus Elliot, and Forgus Groves, identified as one of the assailants by a daughter of Mrs. Carnes, who owns the plantation where Manuel Duarte was working.

Forgus Groves is now being held by the authorities, his case depending on the decision of the grand jury, which has convened at Harding, Texas.

(The assailants are suspected of belonging to the Ku Klux Klan.)

Pedro V. Torres

On February 17, 1920, Pedro V. Torres, a minor, was arrested in Fort Worth, Texas, for an alleged theft of two pairs of trousers. The United States police who arrested him beat him up when they made the arrest, and instead of calling him by his real name they changed it to that of Pedro Flores. During the trial which was held at Fort Worth the interpreters made statements contrary to those that the boy wanted to make. The judge, George Sidney, without taking into account the facts that Torres was a minor and did not know English, sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary at Perry Landing, Texas.

The father of the sentenced boy went several times to Judge Sidney, as well as to Pat M. Neff, governor of Texas. The judge never paid any attention to him, and the Governor replied that he could do nothing in the case unless Judge Sidney should officially confess that there had been an error in Torres's case.

Meanwhile, Judge Sidney has been replaced by another judge who likewise has not deigned to answer any of the communications which the boy's father has sent to him.

Bernadino Campos

On May 24, 1920, on the Keystone ranch, fifteen miles from Pearsall, Texas, the United States citizen Jose Adams killed Bernadino Campos, Mexican, in a most treacherous manner. Mrs. Fermina Campos witnessed the murder and, putting her own life in danger, she tried to prevent it. As eye-witnesses there were also Miss Guadalupe Recio and a girl by the name of Rafaela, whose last name is not known.

Bernadino Campos was employed on Adams's ranch. Adams complained that Campos was not doing his duty. Campos then proposed that if Adams was not satisfied with his work, he would terminate his contract and not work for him any more. They agreed, and Adams went to his house to get money neces-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sary to pay him off. When Adams returned on horseback he went up to Campos and without any warning fired a shot at him. When Campos realized what had happened he managed to get hold of Adams's horse by the bridle and get a stone to defend himself by attacking Adams. Adams then shot twice at Campos who fell dead as a result.

Adams, after having killed Campos in such a cowardly manner, obtained liberty on bail, and when the jury decided his case, in spite of the request of the Public Minister that he be sent to the penitentiary, they set him free. . . .

It is believed that Adams succeeded in coercing the judicial authorities in charge of his case, owing to his political influence, as well as to his wealth, and to the fact that he is related to a man of high position in one of the biggest banks in Laredo, Texas.

VENTURA YANEZ

Ventura Yañez, who was employed in the railroad station at Brownsville, Texas, was basely assassinated some time ago by an American immigration official.

The murderer, Tom January, was arrested, and the case was tried and brought before the jury about three days ago. The Attorney General asked that a death sentence be given Yañez's murderer. Those present at the trial were largely from the Mexican colony, and greatly to their surprise, as well as that of the Mexican consul, the verdict of the jury granted the murderer his liberty and he was set free. . . .

The freeing of this man almost authorizes Americans to go on killing Mexicans. Until now the authorities have closed their eyes and not arrested those considered guilty, but now, with even greater cynicism, a person is freed who was convicted and had confessed his crime.

Our consul in Brownsville brought all the proofs necessary to throw light on the crime, and nevertheless this man remains unpunished.

A Protest

THE following letter from the Mexican consul at Hidalgo, Texas, shows the attitude of responsible officials toward the lawless treatment of Mexicans in the United States.

TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE COUNTY COURT OF HIDALGO:

History shows us that nations are strong when their citizens are endowed not only with patriotism, but with the civic and moral virtues which teach them to respect human justice and liberty. . . . The United States, which has progressed rapidly, assuming a position of first importance in a relatively short time, settled the world conflict with her men and her money, making herself respected by those who had acted contrary to human justice and liberty.

Property, honor, and life are rights of all men, whatever may be their race and nationality; and the constitutional codes of all nations contain clauses which insure these rights, and the international treaties deal with them as subjects of prime importance.

The North American Union has carried out these principles with respect to the foreigners of all nations, giving them these guaranties; but as far as Mexico is concerned these same rights have, in part at least, been disregarded; and I say this because, as Mexican consul in this country, within less than a year I have had to bring many cases of injury and outrage against Mexican citizens before the authorities: the brutal treatment of Mexican citizens and their families in the Ranger and Island oil fields a year ago last February, when they were beaten and threatened with death unless they left the place within the twelve hours that were given them. Owing to this, several women and children who, penniless, had been turned out of their homes perished of cold and hunger. Abuses such as failing to pay manual laborers their wages after many of them had been brought in when this country was short of farm labor during the war. And assassinations of Mexicans by rangers under the pretext that my nationals were disturbing the public peace in this country where peace has always reigned.

A year ago, as consul, my words had weight with the Honorable Governor Pat Neff, who sent eighty men from the State forces to put an end to the brutalities in the oil fields above mentioned; and today I come respectfully before you, who represent the sovereignty of the American people in this country, to inform you of those who have violated the law twice or oftener; first, because you are upright men, and second, because the guilty ones are representatives of this same government which pledges itself to protect nationals and foreigners. I refer to the assassinations of Vidal Zamarripa, Ventura Yañez, and Juan Pena, which occurred at Donna, los Ebanos, and McAllen, respectively. Today I shall present to this jury proofs of the assassinations of Vidal Zamarripa last June by Ecaut Tom January, and that of Juan Pena which appears to have been frustrated and yet must be considered an accomplished fact because his assailants, after beating him cruelly, struck him so hard on the head that it is a miracle that he is still alive—perhaps he is alive so that he can identify the guilty ones who, as rangers, represent governmental authority.

I appeal to the honorable members of the court for complete justice; we Mexicans in the United States hunger and thirst for justice. I appeal to you to end once and for all these transgressions which are a disgrace to public opinion, and I beg the courts of this country to condemn these brutal attacks which are a challenge to the prestige and respectability of this nation.

Honorable citizens, I beseech you to terminate these crimes by punishing the guilty ones. The greatness of your nation demands it; Mexico demands it through me, her consul, as an inalienable right, and urges you to act today in the sacred spirit of law and justice.

PROF. FRANCISCO PEREZ, Mexican Consul.

Hidalgo, Texas, February 27, 1922.

American Rights in Palestine

THE understanding recently reached by the governments of the United States and Great Britain with respect to the Palestine mandate has been made public, and its text follows:

1. A treaty will be negotiated between the United States and Great Britain embodying the assent, upon appropriate conditions, of the United States to the terms of the draft mandate, such treaty to recite the mandate in full and to contain appropriate undertakings on the part of the British Government for the suitable protection of the rights and interests of the United States. The treaty will contain a general provision that the United States and its nationals shall have and enjoy the benefit of all the engagements of his Britannic Majesty defined in the mandate, notwithstanding the fact that the United States is not a member of the League of Nations.

2. Assurances regarding the establishment of adequate courts will be suitably embodied in the constitution of Palestine, which will contain a provision by virtue of which nationals of the United States shall have the right to be tried by a court with a majority of British judges except in trivial cases when the provision would lead to administrative inconvenience, when United States nationals will have the special right to appeal to a court composed of a majority of British judges.

3. In the event of the termination of the mandate regime the capitulatory rights of the United States in Palestine will be revived immediately and completely, and any arrangement that may then be made relating to the interest of foreigners in judicial matters shall not impair the rights and interests of the United States and shall be ineffective without the consent of the United States.

4. The proposed treaty will contain an undertaking with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regard to the equal treatment of the United States, its nationals and companies, guaranteeing to the United States and its nationals the same freedom from discrimination that the mandate gives to the states, members of the League of Nations, and their nationals.

5. The British Government will give adequate assurances with respect to equality of commercial opportunity. Furthermore, the existing legal rights of American citizens or companies in Palestine are to be fully respected and safeguarded, and the treaty will contain a suitable provision to this effect.

6. The mandatory shall be responsible for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine; for maintaining freedom of conscience and the free exercise of all forms of worship, subject only to the maintenance of public order and morals; for the protection of religious and eleemosynary bodies of all faiths; and for securing existing rights and free access to the holy places. The British Government will guarantee to United States missionaries the rights to acquire and possess property, to erect buildings for religious purposes, and to open schools provided that these conform to the local law.

7. The consent of the United States shall be obtained before any alteration is made in the text of the mandate.

8. The British Government will furnish to the Government of the United States a duplicate of the annual report which is submitted to the League of Nations on the administration of the mandate territory.

9. All the provisions of the treaty safeguarding the rights and interests of the United States will apply to the territories lying between the Jordan and the eastern boundary of Palestine as ultimately determined.

England, Egypt, and the Sudan

WHEN the Egyptian official delegation went to London last year it brought with it a tentative agreement regarding the Sudan, to be submitted to the Foreign Office if all went well. However, the negotiations broke down and the draft was never submitted. It remains nevertheless the official statement of the Egyptian claims regarding the control of the Sudan and, especially, of the waters of the Nile. The British have steadfastly refused to admit the possibility of Egyptian rule in the Sudan. The text of the agreement, hitherto kept secret, has just been published by the *Revue Egyptienne* in Cairo. It is as follows:

General

Great Britain is to recognize Egyptian sovereignty over Sudan territory.

The Sudan is to be administered by a Governor General nominated by the British, but appointed by the decree of the Sovereign of Egypt. There will also be an Assistant Governor General who will be an Egyptian.

All laws and regulations for the Sudan are to be made by the Governor General assisted by a Council, which will include the Assistant Governor General and the heads of the Sudan Departments.

The Governor General in the exercise of his legislative powers will act in consultation with the British and Egyptian governments, but he will not be permitted to legislate in violation of Egyptian rights in the Sudan.

Egyptians will be free to enter and leave the Sudan unrestricted, except in respect of health regulations.

Egyptians will enjoy all civil rights in the Sudan equally with the Sudanese, and Egyptians will be eligible for all civil appointments in the Sudan, including those on the Governor General's Council, on a basis of equality with the British.

No customs barriers between Egypt and the Sudan will be permitted.

In emergency Egypt will have a prior right to foodstuffs from the Sudan before other nations.

The Army

Egypt will continue to have the right to recruit Sudanese for a voluntary military system in Egypt, and she will continue to maintain an army in the Sudan, with all rights to establish in the Sudan aerodromes and wireless stations.

The Egyptian army in the Sudan will remain under the Ministry of War in Cairo, but will be at the disposal of the Governor General for maintenance of order in the Sudan.

No Sudanese military force will be created except as permitted by Egypt, and it will remain under the Sovereign of Egypt and owe allegiance to him.

The Sudan Government will not be permitted to negotiate foreign loans without the permission of the Egyptian Government, and the Sudan budget will not be valid without the approval of the Egyptian Government.

A commission will be appointed by the British and Egyptian governments to consider ways and means of repayment or adjustment of the Sudan's debts to Egypt without prejudice to Sudan development.

Egyptian money will be legal tender in the Sudan, and the Sudan will not be permitted to establish a mint or own money without permission of the Egyptian Government.

No portion of the Sudan can be ceded without permission of the Egyptian Government.

Any constitution for the Sudan must recognize the sovereignty of Egypt, and must be promulgated by the Sovereign of Egypt.

Irrigation

No irrigation works or pumping arrangements are to be made by the Sudan which will affect the quantity of water necessary for Egypt's development.

The Egyptian Ministry of Public Works will maintain control of the water of the Nile and of Nile works.

The Sudan Government will control distribution of Nile water for the Sudan, and the Sudan will appoint an engineer to control this distribution. If divergence of opinion arises there will be called a special commission composed equally of Egyptian and Sudanese representatives, under the chairmanship of a neutral, who will be appointed by common consent of the British and Egyptian governments. If the commission is unable to agree, the question will be submitted to the League of Nations.

A Sudan irrigation service will be appointed to control irrigation in the Sudan apart from the Nile.

Nile areas which are now outside the Sudan will be guarded by the British, who will make arrangements with the foreign governments concerned.

The Sudan is authorized to construct irrigation works on the Blue Nile sufficient to irrigate 300,000 feddans [practically acres] in the Gezireh area, but it is stipulated that for twenty years the Sudan shall not increase that area. After this period if it be considered that the Nile can supply enough water for Sudan development, new arrangements will be made. There will, however, be no diversion of Nile water until Egypt is assured of a sufficient supply for her irrigation.

Secret Diplomacy

By John A. Hobson

will appear in an early issue of

The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED